THE FISHERMAN'S HUT;

OR

ALZENDORF.

A Novel.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

Child of sincerity and virtuous love!
Thine eyes did shine beneath a blissful tear,
That still were turned to the tranquil scene
Where the thin smoke rose from the embow'red cot,
And thou didst think, that there, with smile serene,
In quiet shade, and every pang forgot,
Thou mightest sink in pure Affection's breast,
And listen to the winds that whisper'd thee to rest.

BOWLES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
PRINTED AT THE
Minerva-Press,
FOR LANE, NEWMAN, AND CO.
LEADENHALL-STREET.
1805.

1272
1272

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL. THE TANJORE

THE

FISHERMAN'S HUT.

1272

CHAP. I.

"Let me lean upon thy boſom!
"What pillow like the boſom of a friend!
"For I am ſick at heart!"

YOUNG.

LATE one night, as Joſephine was ſlowly turning her ſteps towards the Abbey, ſhe heard her name called upon in accents—Oh how familiar!—thoſe of her dear Olivia! Surpriſed, and overcome with joy, ſhe flew

towards her, and preſſed her in her arms. No leſs moved was the kind Olivia; and as the Baron, who was but a few paces from them, obſerved their emotion, he was almoſt led to believe his daughter's grief was cauſed in ſome degree by the ſeparation. When alone, Joſephine enquired of her with earneſtneſs by what means ſhe had again been bleſſed with her ſociety.

"I believe it was ſome ſecret order from the Court," replied Olivia, "that brought my father to acquieſce ſo willingly to what he would not ſuffer to have named to him, though it has been my ſecret wiſh ever ſince your departure."

"Alas!" ſaid Joſephine, "you have confirmed my fears. I have long thought my father held a ſecret correſpondence with the Prince. I cannot but dread the reſult; yet the

the confequence has in one refpect been grateful, by reftoring to me my Olivia.—And Alzendorf," faid fhe, after a few moments' paufe, to acquire refolution, "have you heard nothing of Alzendorf?"

Olivia hefitated in her turn.

"Speak!" cried the impatient Jofephine; "I am prepared for the worft."

"I have heard, indeed," at length faid Olivia; "but it is an intelligence that will give little information and little fatisfaction."

"I fear, then, he is ftill a prifoner," faid Jofephine; "or, perhaps, he is the—the—" fhe hefitated—"the hufband of Countefs Wolina!"

"No, my dear friend," returned Olivia, with a faint fmile, "your fears lead you to imagine misfortunes much beyond what I have to communicate. He is no longer

 confined

confined in the priſon of the north gate."

"Thank Heaven!" ſaid Joſephine, with an emotion not to be reſtrained; "I am prepared for the evil that is to come."

"No, he is no longer a priſoner," continued Olivia; "he was certainly liberated on the day you quitted S——; but ſince that day, his fate has been involved in myſterious darkneſs. Some ſay he was removed, but to another place of confinement; and others, that of himſelf he has retired to ſome obſcure retreat, to be ſecure from their machinations. I myſelf had a ſecret hope—but it has proved fallacious—that you, my Joſephine, was not unacquainted with this retreat."

Joſephine had liſtened to the diſcourſe of her friend without interruption; for her heart was too full to permit her to ſpeak. Olivia ſtrove to comfort her, by endeavouring

to inſpire her with the probability of the idea that he had himſelf retired for a ſhort time, till the extreme watchfulneſs of his adverſaries were lulled to ſleep by long ſecurity.

"Believe me," continued the amiable girl, "in a proper ſeaſon you will hear from him; and ſure I am no reaſon has ever exiſted to doubt one moment his conſtancy."

As Joſephine liſtened to theſe words, ſhe felt comforted:—they ſeemed to remove from her mind a heavy load; and it was now ſhe learned the value of a friendſhip, ſuch as Olivia's. It was now ſhe proved it was not built on the ſmiles of the world—no, ſhe had ſacrificed that world and all its enjoyments, to which Joſephine knew her attachment, to become a recluſe; and the hours which might have been ſpent in the midſt of diſſipation, ſhe had voluntarily dedicated to

the consolation of her unhappy friend. Never did the slightest expression of regret escape her; on the contrary, she appeared to be enchanted with all around her, seeming, indeed, to wish for no other happiness, than to recall the smiles of Josephine.

The presence of Olivia, and, above all, the assurances she had given her of Alzendorf's continued love (though founded only on her own supposition), had bestowed great consolation on her.

The Baron rejoiced, and began to form an opinion that a little society, by presenting fresh images to her mind, would prevent her dwelling so much on the past. He had himself formed an acquaintance, soon after his arrival, with a Priest, who sometimes visited the peasantry of a small hamlet not far distant from St. Ulric. This good Father, not the least averse to the good things always to

be

be found at the Baron's table, would often take a dinner at the Abbey; and the Baron was equally as well pleafed to have fome perfon, to whom he might fpeak of the confequence he bore at Court, interfperfed with anecdotes of his youth, when he was a favourite of the late Duke: for thefe fubjects he was confcious had been but too often repeated in the ears of his Chaplain and Secretary. To this good man the Baron applied for information refpecting the neighbourhood that could be found in a fpot fo remote; and he learned, as he had reprefented to his daughter, that the only inhabitants of thefe wilds were a few peafantry, except the inmates of the Caftle, of which he had before fpoken, who he learned was the Countefs of Sarsfield, whofe name and immenfe riches were not unknown to him. The Prieft repeated many particulars

 of

of the family, as he himſelf was acquainted with the Counteſs, who being a rigid Catholic, her houſe was always open to the Miniſters of that Church, two of whom continually reſided with her.

He ſaid ſhe was by birth an Italian. Count Sarsfield, when a young man, on his travels, ſaw, and became enamoured of her.

" Nor is it to be wondered at," ſaid the Prieſt; " for never did I behold her beauties excelled, except by her younger ſiſter, who likewiſe married a German Nobleman of high rank. Count Sarsfield lived not many years after his marriage; on his death, he bequeathed the whole of his large poſſeſſions to the Counteſs, who immediately quitted Sarsfield, as we feared for ever, and for a length of time reſided in her native country; but is now returned to ſpend the remainder of her days among us. She has a niece

reſiding

residing with her, the child of her deceased sister. How amiable is that beautiful girl, who thus, in the bloom of youth, immures herself, without repining, in these dreary solitudes, in obedience to the will of her aunt! How would she rejoice in the society of your daughter and her friend!—Permit me to name them to the Countess."

The Baron assented with pleasure to this proposition, in pursuance of his design of disengaging Josephine, if possible, from gloomy retrospection.

The next morning they received a billet from the Countess, mentioning the extreme pleasure she should receive in their acquaintance; and entreating them to regard a lameness that had not for some years permitted her to quit the Castle, as an apology for not visiting St. Ulric.

Josephine, though averse to all society

herſelf, determined to acquieſce in her father's wiſhes, for Olivia's ſake. They therefore, in a few days, viſited the Caſtle of Sarsfield. The road, winding along the valley, was beautifully romantic and diverſified; ſometimes the mountains dividing, preſented them a picturesque view of a glen, even more ſecluded than that of St. Ulric. Joſephine, as ſhe gazed upon them, could not but reflect what would have been the ideas ſuch a view would have called up but a few weeks before, and ſhe ſhuddered at the contraſt. Her diſturbed fancy preſented the melancholy fortreſs of the north gate, or dungeons yet more horrible, yet more remote from day! — Thus abſorbed in contemplation, ſhe was loſt to the beautiful ſcenery around, till at length called on by Olivia, who anxiouſly obſerved her abſtraction, to remark the fine ſituation of the Caſtle, which

they

they now approached. It was ſeated on an eminence—an immenſe pile of building, crowned with turrets heavy, vaſt, and lofty. Far did they overſhadow the aſcent of the mountain; it wore an aſpect of the deepeſt gloom, and though ſituated ſo high, it had no view, cloſed in on all ſides by thick woods. Every thing around ſeemed to bear characteriſtic traits of its poſſeſſor, diſcloſing an air of melancholy pride and repulſive grandeur; nor were they deceived. In the countenance of the Counteſs of Sarsfield might be traced exactly that expreſſion.

She appeared little more than fifty, yet her lameneſs had given her the decrepitude of extreme old age. She was ſeated in a large arm chair, with her foot ſupported by pillows. On one ſide of her ſtood a reverend Prieſt, and on the other a young girl. She thanked them for their kind politeneſs in

difpenfing with the formalities of her firft advances; and, turning to her companion, faid—

"Here is one who will thank thefe young ladies indeed for their friendfhip;"—introducing her to them by the name of Angelica.

The name ftruck upon the ear of Jofephine, and revetted her attention;—it was the name of Alzendorf's fifter! She turned immediately towards her, regarding her with fixed earneftnefs. What emotion thrilled her frame as fhe traced his refemblance in every feature!—It was then the Angelica he loved—the fifter of Alzendorf! The refemblance feemed to her to be fo ftrong, that fhe turned to her father and Olivia, to obferve if they had made the like difcovery; but fhe faw nothing of furprife marked on either of their countenances: they feemed to look

on

on her as a perfect ſtranger.—Joſephine might have reflected that their's were not the eyes of love, that catch reſemblances, however remote. This reſemblance was not remote; ſhe was indeed the ſiſter of Alzendorf, and his exact image ſoftened into the moſt feminine lovelineſs. She was poſſeſſed of uncommon beauty, joined to a ſimplicity of manners and dreſs, which rendered her an intereſting object to all who looked on her; but Joſephine felt her whole heart drawn towards her, and remained abſorbed in the contemplation of her figure, her attitudes, the various expreſſion of her countenance; in each turn of which, her reſemblance to Alzendorf was yet more ſtrongly painted.

As yet the ſound of her voice had not reached the ear of Joſephine; for as ſhe uttered the compliments of introduction, her voice was loſt in timid confuſion. The

ſtrong

ſtrong feelings that drew her towards Angelica, could not be reſtrained; ſhe ſoon found means to place herſelf near her. Impatient to have her hopes confirmed, ſhe endeavoured to draw her into converſation, whilſt her father entertained the Counteſs.

She appeared grateful for theſe attentions, and in a ſhort time ſeemed to overcome her timidity. From the moment Joſephine had liſtened to the firſt ſentence, ſhe needed no farther confirmation. All doubt was at an end; they were the very tones of Alzendorf—the tones which were ever vibrating on her ear—thoſe ſweet ſounds which, even in the midſt of danger, could lull her to forgetfulneſs—which carried perſuaſion with them—thoſe tones over which time and abſence had no influence; for whenever ſhe recalled them, the ſame ſweet emotion diffuſed itſelf, as when her enraptured ear firſt received them.

To

To be near the ſiſter of Alzendorf, to look on one ſhe knew he ſo much loved, beſtowed on her a greater happineſs than ſhe believed in his abſence ſhe could have felt.

As the time approached for the concluſion of the viſit, her reluctance to part with her newly acquired treaſure, became more extreme; and ſhe heard with pleaſure the Counteſs beg of them to accept Angelica's viſits as her proxy. Returned to St. Ulric, ſhe aſked Olivia to accompany her in a ſtroll; ſo eager was ſhe to diſcloſe to her the diſcovery of the morning. Olivia ſeeming to doubt, ſhe ſaid—

"I am convinced I am not miſtaken; it was not a ſimilarity of features, though that is ſtrong—it is a reſemblance no eye can catch—that ſpeaks only to the heart. No, I feel I am not deceived."

It

It was in vain for Olivia to offer any objection to ſuch conviction; nor did ſhe indeed ſee much reaſon to doubt, as ſhe had heard Alzendorf had a ſiſter who was kept very much ſecluded.

Angelica had made ſeveral viſits; ſtill Joſephine had had no opportunity to learn her name, as ſhe was uſually entitled Lady Angelica only: and ſhe much feared an explanation in her father's preſence, as ſhe knew it would in an inſtant deſtroy all further intercourſe. Angelica, on her part, ſo long debarred the delights of friendſhip, felt a ſweet charm in the ſociety of Olivia and Joſephine, particularly the latter, whoſe ſtrong attachment to her agreed ſo well with the warm feelings that glowed in her own breaſt, that to her ſhe gave her whole heart.

The Baron ſaw the melancholy he ſo much dreaded, begin to diſappear; and congratulating

congratulating himſelf on the ſucceſs of his plan, did all in his power to cement as cloſe an intimacy as poſſible: he willingly, therefore, agreed to an invitation to ſpend a day at Sarsfield. Joſephine as willingly aſſented; for ſhe hoped ſhe had now found the means to gain information of Alzendorf. It was this hope, and the pleaſure the ſight of Angelica never failed to impart, that had chaſed away the melancholy, and produced the change that had ſo much rejoiced the Baron.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

" To live beneath the golden ſtar of love,
" With happier fancy, paſſions more refin'd."

LANGHORNE.

ARRIVING at the Caſtle a ſhort time before they were expected, Angelica was not there to receive them; but, learning from the Counteſs ſhe had taken a ſhort ſtroll in the woods, they determined to go in queſt of her. Receiving direction what path to take, they purſued its windings ſome way, but without ſucceſs; and almoſt had

had they begun to doubt they had miſtaken the direction, when the ſound of voices amid the trees induced them to ſtop; but almoſt immediately they paſſed on, conſcious they were not meant to be auditors of the converſation, when their ſteps were again arreſted by diſcovering the voice of Angelica ſpeaking in a tone of agitation. Who was her companion, they were not able to diſcern, ſo thick was the underwood in that ſpot. They appeared to be ſeparating, and the voice of Angelica was changed into tender entreaty.

"Dear Charles," ſaid ſhe, "all I aſk of you, is to reflect.—Adieu!—Not till to-morrow will I again ſee you; and then, be your determination what it may, I will acquieſce."—Saying which, ſhe paſſed into the path in which they ſtood.

They ſaw ſhe did not obſerve them, as her

her handkerchief was up to her eyes, and ſhe was weeping. They had not time for long deliberation, but haſtily concluded it would be better to appear as if they had not obſerved any thing of what had juſt paſſed; they therefore approached, ſpeaking aloud, to give her the more time to recover herſelf. She perceived them; and haſtily drying her tears, and forcing a ſmile on her countenance, ſhe haſtened to meet them, and gaily began to accuſe herſelf of rudeneſs, in obliging her gueſts to ſeek her.

It was eaſy to perceive this gaiety ſprang not from the heart; they laughed in their turn, but their thoughts dwelt likewiſe on the recent adventure. The bell that ſummoned them to dinner, was therefore a relief on all ſides.

Surpriſing indeed appeared the ſcene to the two friends—they who imagined Angelica

to

to have no acquaintance, much leſs a lover; for it could be no other, or why expreſs ſo much tender ſolicitude—why upbraid him for the cruelty of his conduct?—Olivia longed for an explanation, inſtigated by curioſity, and a deſire of novelty; but Joſephine's motives were more pure: it was for the ſake of Angelica, for the love of Alzendorf, ſhe wiſhed to learn this ſecret from his ſiſter. As ſhe ſaw her unhappy, ſhe wiſhed to comfort her.

After dinner, when the Counteſs, the Baron, and the Prieſts, were deeply engaged in converſation, Angelica took the opportunity, of requeſting her friends to accompany her in a ramble through the woods, and ſhe would ſhew them her muſic-room; which was gladly acceded to, happy to be freed from the reſtraint impoſed upon them, in liſtening to a converſation in which they had no intereſt.

How

How preferable was the deep ſilence of theſe woods! They roved on, delighted with each other's ſociety. Angelica ſeemed almoſt entirely to have recovered her ſpirits; Joſephine was pleaſed, becauſe ſhe was with Angelica; and Olivia had never—no, not even in a crowded ball-room, felt her ſpirits higher:—ſhe was charmed with every thing ſhe ſaw—it was indeed a paradiſaical retreat.

Here was a beautiful grotto of the moſt ſimple conſtruction, hanging over a river that ruſhed with the impetuoſity of the mountain torrent, by which its ſtream was continually augmented; and here it was impeded for a ſhort time, and lay a calm and ſtill lake, ſupplying with its refreſhing waters a rude bath: for all ſeemed the workmanſhip of nature. They paſſed on; the boughs of an acacia and lilac were bent into a bower.

"What

"What a ſweet ſpot!" cried Olivia.

"You muſt have a great taſte," ſaid Joſephine, turning to her conductreſs.—Angelica bluſhed.

"It is not my taſte," ſaid ſhe, embarraſſed.

"They do not ſeem to owe their riſe to any common workman," returned ſhe; "and the inſcription on this root-houſe, is it not your's?"

"I am no poet," replied Angelica, again bluſhing.

Joſephine looked at her; but perceiving her confuſion, ſhe forbore to urge the ſubject: yet ſhe could not but ſurmiſe theſe little rural buildings were but too much connected with the companion of her morning converſation. They ſoon approached what, of all they had yet beheld, ſeemed to owe its origin to art. It was lofty and of a noble architecture;

architecture; it was the firſt chamber of a banquetting-houſe, which had once been the pride of the Caſtle, but was now ſuffered to fall into decay, which had rendered all the other rooms uninhabitable. Though ſecluded, it commanded a fine proſpect, admitted by viſtas cut through the foreſt. They ſtopped for a moment to admire the proſpect. Joſephine, who was entering firſt, ſtopped on perceiving a young man, who was ſeated at the further end, with his back towards her. He was leaning on a muſical inſtrument, his head reſting on his hands. She was retiring when ſhe perceived, by his dreſs, that he was of the inferior claſs, and imagined he was a domeſtic of the Caſtle, who would retire at her entrance. She once more advanced.

"Angelica!" cried the ſtranger, in a mournful tone of voice.

Surpriſe,

Surprise and deep confusion were marked on his countenance, as, on turning towards her, he discovered his mistake. He instantly arose, bowing gracefully, as if about to retire, when Angelica herself appeared. Her confusion was even greater than his; she seemed irresolute whether to advance or return, whether to speak or remain silent, when he in some degree relieved her embarrassment by hastily passing out, saying, as he approached her—

"Lady Angelica, I have to entreat your pardon for my rude intrusion; but I felt myself fatigued; and not suspecting your approach, took the liberty of resting here a few moments."

She bowed to him at the conclusion of his speech. Her lips moved likewise, but she uttered no intelligible sound, when he departed. Angelica still spoke not; she seemed

 revolving

revolving in her mind what excufe fhe might frame for his appearance; but too much the child of truth, too little ufed to deceit, to form any, fhe thought it better to reft on the apology he himfelf had made. Jofephine was loft in furprife and conjecture; it was true, his drefs was that of the peafant, yet in his manners there was a charm that far outfhone the politenefs of a Court: and his exclamation as fhe entered the pavilion, ill accorded with what he afterwards uttered. Olivia at length broke this awkward filence by exclaiming—

"How far is that young man's manners above his drefs! I wonder who he is!"

Thus called upon, Angelica could no longer remain filent.

"He is my fofter brother, the fon of my nurfe," faid fhe, with fome emotion; "he refides in the valley below."

"And

"And his name," ſtill aſked the curious Olivia.

"His name is Charles St. Alvan."

At the mention of his name, her emotions ſeemed redoubled; indeed they became ſo apparent, that they no longer eſcaped Olivia: and ſorry to have occaſioned them, ſhe approached the muſic, to change the converſation. On it lay a ſong, which indeed appeared to have been the object of contemplation, from which Joſephine had diſturbed the young ſtranger. She took it up, and was convinced of the truth of her ſuppoſition; it was even yet wet with his tears. She could not but ſurvey it with intereſt. It appeared to her but a common love ballad —it ſtrengthened her curioſity.

"It was from the peruſal of this ſong," ſaid Joſephine, "I diſturbed that young man."

"Perhaps ſo," ſaid Angelica; "he wrote it himſelf ſome months paſt."

She ſaw her inadvertence, by the ſurpriſe that was depicted on their countenance; but it was too late to recall her words, and it had the more ſtimulated their curioſity to read it.

"He is a very extraordinary young man," ſaid Joſephine.

"Yes, I think—I believe ſo," replied Angelica.

"But, perhaps, he may have received a ſuperior education. Becauſe he now reſides in the valley, it does not follow that he has done ſo always," ſaid Olivia.

"I do not know that he has ever quitted it," returned Angelica, ſtill more confounded and embarraſſed; and Joſephine, commencing to read the ſong, appeared to her the greateſt relief.

The words of the ballad were as follow:

Why

Why does the proud man pity us?
Why do we his pity move?
'Tis not we call Nature cruel—
Has not Nature given us love?

Then ſcorn us not, thou man of riches,
Scorn us not, Oh man of pride!
Nor yet deſpiſe our lowly cabin,
For willing love doth there abide.

Mock not thou our couch of ruſhes,
Sweet is the reſt on them we prove;
To us they are a bed of roſes,
Spread by the hand of tender love.

You tell us we were born to labour—
On us the bitter curſe is pour'd;
But learn that ſweet is toil and labour,
When love we know our dear reward!

See you not yon bending willow?
O'er the ſoft ſtream its ſhadow ſhoots;
'Twas love who rear'd yon bending willow,
'Twas love who cloth'd with earth its roots.

See you not that ſcented brier,
That o'er the cot its odour throws;
The hand of love has train'd that brier,
The hand of love ſhall twine the roſe.

You ſay we feel the blaſt of winter,
And ſad and cheerleſs is our night;
Not like thine, where pomp and pleaſure
Pour on its ſhades a golden light.

Well may the proud man pity us,
Well may we his pity move;
Who know no other light but heaven's,
Who aſk no other warmth than love.

The emotions of Angelica, whilſt Joſephine was reading, were extreme. The colour forſook her cheeks, and again they were died with the deepeſt crimſon. Her breaſt ſeemed labouring with ſome deſign ſhe wiſhed,

wished, yet feared, to put in execution. And so it proved; for the instant Josephine had concluded, she took hold of both her hands, and covering her face with them, exclaimed, in a voice broken with sobs—

"Will you forgive—will you pity me, if I relate to you every particular of an affair that has long preyed on my peace, but which of late has become too painful for endurance? Since I knew you, gentle and kind as you are, I have had a wish to reveal to you this hidden grief, but I have never summoned courage for the recital; yet since it is in part discovered, I will hesitate no longer."

And the assurances they gave her of their friendship, and their wish of serving her, still more encouraged her; but to their offers she could only shake her head.

"Alas!" ſaid ſhe, "the evil I believe lies beyond a remedy. I tremble to enter on my taſk; yet I will no longer procraſtinate, as I have much to tell: for it is neceſſary I ſhould give you a brief abſtract of my life."

Joſephine trembled in her turn, as ſhe ſaid this.

"Now," thought ſhe, "Olivia will be convinced, and I ſhall no longer be looked upon as a dreamer."

But ſhe determined to give no interruption to the tale, by any diſcloſure on her part for the preſent; becauſe it would only diſturb her ideas, and render her in no ſituation to liſten. She gave Olivia an hint to hear it without an exclamation; and ſo fully was ſhe convinced of the truth, that ſhe believed ſhe could hear it without emotion; yet when ſhe began by ſaying—"You know, I ſuppoſe,

I ſuppoſe, that I and my brother are the only children of the late Count Alzendorf," the ſenſation that thrilled through her frame at the mention of that name, almoſt overpowered her. Olivia looked towards her; ſhe inſtantly recalled herſelf, and only preſſed the hand of Angelica with yet more fervency. Angelica was too much occupied by her relation, to obſerve any change in the countenance of her friends; but had ſtill continued—

"I have not the happineſs to recollect my parents. My mother, ſiſter of the Counteſs of Sarsfield, died ſoon after my birth, and my poor father did not long ſurvive; for they ſay he was never happy after her death: and thus at ſo tender an age, but happily we knew not then our loſs, we were left helpleſs orphans. My brother was left to the guardianſhip of an intimate friend of my father,

Count Wolina,"—(again the blood forſook the cheeks of Joſephine)—" and I was ſtill continued under the care of my aunt, Counteſs Sarsfield, with whom I had reſided ſince the death of my mother; but, nurſed by my tender, kind Amelia, I never felt the loſs of a mother's care."

She repeated the name of her nurſe with emotion, and even made a pauſe of a few moments.

" But with Amelia St. Alvan," ſhe continued, " I muſt make you better acquainted. My aunt, during the life of the Count Sarsfield, reſided at this Caſtle, which, you know from its ſolitary ſituation, affords but little of the intercourſe of ſociety; and as her huſband, a General in the Pruſſian ſervice, was ſeldom allowed much reſpite from the fatigues of his duty, it was often the Counteſs was left quite ſolitary, and

many a weary moment ſhe believed ſhe might eſcape, if ſhe had an agreeable companion. For this purpoſe ſhe fixed on Amelia Rhiſberg, the niece of the Curé of Sarsfield. As ſhe was an orphan child, relying ſolely on him for ſupport, he thought this too advantageous an offer to be rejected. She accordingly became an inmate at the Caſtle. Soon after her arrival, Count Sarsfield returned, accompanied, as he was accuſtomed to be, by ſeveral officers, among whom Colonel Haller was of the greateſt importance. Alas! unfortunately for poor Amelia, theſe officers had nothing to do. Sarsfield afforded them little amuſement, and they all believed themſelves at liberty to find it, if they could, in perſecuting the Counteſs's pretty companion with their attentions; but none were ſo importunate, none ſo bold in their addreſſes as Colonel Haller, preſuming, perhaps,

on his great consequence and large possessions. But Amelia proved them of no value in her eyes; for beyond all these, she beheld the modest merits of a young man, Louis St. Alvan. He was also a soldier, but he was a subaltern, and a soldier of Fortune; but this the generous Amelia, forgetting the distinction that, from her extreme beauty, she might have claimed, never considered. Contented with merit, though not in an exalted station, and having gained the consent of her uncle, they were one morning, when she found an opportunity of quitting the Castle, united by him.

"When Colonel Haller heard the intelligence, his rage was excessive at thus finding his schemes rendered abortive; and, I dare say, that moment swore that revenge against them, which he was afterwards enabled so cruelly to put in practice.

"The

"The Counteſs was likewiſe diſpleaſed when ſhe heard of her marriage; for ſhe had promiſed herſelf much pleaſure in ſeeing her, what ſhe called, well diſpoſed of in the world—that is, united to riches, and perhaps birth; for both of them are equally the objects of my aunt's adoration—no matter if coupled with age or uglineſs; even their good and bad qualities are but ſecondary conſiderations."

She ſpoke with fervency. Her friends felt convinced how nearly theſe failings in her aunt muſt have touched her, or never would her gentle ſpirit diſcover ſo much acrimony; but they forbore to interrupt her recital by any remark. She therefore continued—

"But though to my aunt and Colonel Haller, her choice was diſpleaſing, Count Sarsfield, who looked for no better qualifications in a man than merit and bravery, could

could eafily forgive them;—it was he who comforted them. He promifed all his intereft to procure the promotion of the deferving St. Alvan; he even in fome fort reconciled my aunt to the affair, and obtained permiffion from her that Amelia fhould continue in her fituation. Notwithftanding, fhe did not treat her fo kindly as fhe had done; but Amelia refufed to complain, well knowing her hufband's inability to fupport her in any other fituation.

"When my uncle was again called to attend his military duty, St. Alvan was likewife obliged to depart; and though he left his wife with extreme grief, yet it was rendered more fupportable by the pleafing profpect of his fpeedy promotion.—But, alas, poor fellow! he never lived to fee it; for in the firft engagement they had with the enemy, he was found among the flain

after

after the battle!—But the generous Count Sarsfield, not unmindful of what, whilst living, he had promised him, procured from the King a pension for the widow, which he sent enclosed in the packet which contained the melancholy intelligence of his death; for he hoped it might soften that intelligence, if she found herself not quite dependant on the bounty of strangers. He recommended her strongly to the Countess, and in himself he assured her she should always find a friend.

"That the shocking tidings did not quite overwhelm her, she owed to the humanity of the Count. Bitter indeed were her sufferings;—but a few weeks a mother, with what delight had she anticipated the return of her husband, that she might present to him his little Charles!—Oh!" said Angelica, "how often have I seen her weep!—and, unconscious

unconſcious of the reaſon of her tears, how have I exerted my little efforts to comfort her! Indeed almoſt the firſt ſenſation I can recollect to have felt, was ſorrow for the grief of my nurſe! How often have Charles and myſelf clambered up her knees, ſolicitous to kiſs away the falling tears, and often——"

But, as if recollecting herſelf, ſhe ſtopped.

"Whither have I been led?" ſaid ſhe. "I muſt continue my ſtory methodically.—Having the misfortune to loſe my own mother a little time after this, I was placed, as I mentioned to you, under the care of my aunt. Anxious for me, as indeed ſhe has ever been, ſhe wiſhed Amelia to take charge of me; and Amelia felt herſelf too grateful for the kindneſs of the Count, not to make every return in her power. I was accordingly taken home to her dear cottage; for ſince ſhe had received her little penſion,

ſhe

ſhe had declined reſiding longer at the Caſtle: for I have reaſon to believe my aunt was not ſo kind to her as formerly.

"Here did I live happily for five years. I believe," ſaid ſhe, bluſhing, "I never was intended for a fine lady, as I remember, even then in my infancy, how greatly I preferred our cottage, and the limes that ſhaded it, to all the grandeur of the Caſtle, that indeed frightened me; and how often, when I have marked the lofty manners of my aunt, have I thrown myſelf on the tender boſom of Amelia! No, never ſhall I forget the love I felt for her."

The tears that ſwelled in her eyes at that moment, bore teſtimony to the truth of her words. She wiped them away, and continued—

"I was ſeven years old when I had the misfortune to loſe my kind uncle. I was, even

ORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWA

even young as I was, very much affected, as he had always been moſt kindly indulgent to me; and I believed every one loved him better than the Counteſs, his manners were ſo conciliating, ſo totally diveſted of that haughtineſs of demeanour that characterized my aunt. But her determination of returning to her native country, Italy, was a ſtill greater affliction to me; it ſeemed as if I was about to be removed from all I loved; for was there another being in the world I loved, but my dear nurſe and my dear brother Charles, as I was uſed to call him?—In vain Amelia tried to conſole me, by telling me that in Italy I ſhould find another brother?—No, I told her, I ſhould never love any other brother than Charles. I wept almoſt unceaſingly for ſeveral days after our ſeparation; nor is it ſurpriſing that even the novelty of the objects around me, did not

not amuſe me, ſince every perſon I looked on, I believed acceſſaries in depriving me of my dear Amelia. No, it was time only reconciled me to the ſeparation; but I never ceaſe to think of it with regret. When any thing was unpleaſant, when at any time I felt ruffled or unhappy, then did imagination preſent to me the white cottage, my dear nurſe, and Charles—a group that never failed to reſtore to me my compoſure. By thus permitting myſelf to recur to them for happineſs, they became in my mind ſo inſeparably connected, that I was never able to divide them; and though for the five years I remained in Italy, I never received the leaſt intelligence of them, yet they lived in my remembrance with the ſame love as ever.

" During that time, my aunt ſpared neither trouble nor expence in my education,

that could render me an accomplifhed woman. Thus pleafantly employed, the time paffed on; but what reconciled me more than any other confideration to my lengthened ftay in Italy, was the fociety of my dear brother, my beloved Auguftus. In him, indeed, Amelia, Charles, and the cottage found a powerful rival; and I fhould have been contented ever to have remained there, if I was always affured of his fociety; but I knew at the age of eighteen, he was to return to Germany, and I knew likewife it was my aunt's intention to remain at Naples whilft fhe lived. This gave me great grief; but one of thofe unforefeen events that render our moft affured plans abortive, determined my aunt to return immediately to Germany. It was fome flight affront fhe had received, or fhe fancied fhe had received at Court. This intelligence filled

filled me with joy; I left my brother behind me indeed, but I knew I ſhould ſoon ſee him again; then never more were we to be ſeparated. The pleaſure of again embracing my dear Amelia, which I had contemplated with ſo much rapture at a diſtance, the nearer the time approached, became more exquiſite; and what a trial of my patience was the ſtay of a month my aunt made at S——, whilſt this Caſtle was preparing for her reception.

"During the laſt day of my journey here, I thought of nothing but the pleaſure and ſurpriſe Amelia would receive at ſeeing me; for the grief ſhe had expreſſed at parting, had made a lively impreſſion on me. How did my heart dance for joy, when at a diſtance I ſaw the towers of the Caſtle! Every thing I remembered, particularly the path that led

to

to Madame St. Alvan's cottage. I hoped ſhe would be at the Caſtle to receive me; but when I found her not, I concluded ſhe did not know the day of our arrival. I haſtily arranged all the preſents I had brought her; and with the flageolet I had purchaſed for Charles in my hand, ſought the opportunity of ſtealing out unobſerved.

"I bent my ſteps towards the well-known path. Not a turning of it had eſcaped my remembrance; and when I came in ſight of the limes that ſhaded the cottage, I ſtopped. I remember now my agitation almoſt amounted to agony, when I found myſelf within ſight of it—when I knew a moment would place me in the arms of my beloved Amelia!—When I again looked on the ſcene I had ſo often contemplated in imagination, I could ſcarce believe it real; I thought it

muſt

muſt be one of thoſe nightly viſions which had ſo often placed me in exactly ſuch a ſituation, looking on the dear cottage; and I almoſt feared awakening, ere I could reach it. I ſet off running with velocity, yet ſtopped again to look on it. I watched if I could perceive the blue ſmoke curling from the chimney; but there was none. This for a moment damped my rapture, and I thought, perhaps, ſhe did not ſtill reſide there; this made me approach it flower. I felt not a little ſhocked when I drew nearer my lime-trees. I perceived ſeveral of their branches cut off, and others broken. The ſeat was no longer beneath them; all about ſpoke a mournful change! I turned my ſorrowing eyes towards the cottage; but the change there was ſtill more mournfully apparent:—the charming climates that crept over the door, and hung even into the windows, now lay upon the earth, and the

the woodbine that ſtill clung to the thatch, was wild and ſtraggling, as if long unuſed to the hand of culture. I had time to make theſe obſervations and a thouſand others; for my heart failed me, and I dared not enter. As I was ſtill gazing on it in melancholy contemplation, the door opened, and a boy appeared. I looked on him, but did not in the leaſt recogniſe him.—'I then divined right,' thought I; 'Amelia no longer reſides here.'

'Can you tell me where Madame St. Alvan now lives?' ſaid I to him.

The boy turned to me, and burſt into tears. The inſtant he turned towards me, I recalled, in his pale and melancholy countenance, the features of my dear Charles. Inſtantly I flew towards him, and claſping my arms round his neck, exclaimed—'Do you not know me, Charles?—Is it poſſible you have forgotten your ſiſter Angelica?'

"He

"He embraced me in his turn, and for a few moments his ſad countenance was lighted with joy; but as if ſuddenly arreſted by ſome melancholy idea, his tears again began to flow. Something of the mournful truth ruſhed on my mind; I caught hold of his hand.

'What is it grieves you?' I aſked. 'Your mother, my dear nurſe, is ſhe not well?'

'Ah, Angelica!' he cried, 'my dear mother is——'

"He could utter no more; but he had ſaid enough to teach me the fatal tidings. I ſaw, by his immoderate grief, my beloved nurſe no longer lived to welcome my return. I ſhould no more be preſſed in her arms—never more receive her dear kiſs!—As theſe thoughts roſe in my mind, my grief became almoſt as extravagant as his. I wept, and called upon her name. Charles, arouſed by

these violent expreſſions of ſorrow, forgot his own grief, in endeavouring to ſoften mine. At length he ſucceeded; for I became ſo far calm, as to ſit down on the threſhold of the door, to liſten to his account of her death.

CHAP. III.

Ye unavailing horrors, fruitless crimes!

GRAY.

"HE related to me her distresses and her sorrows; but of which neither of us then could comprehend the extent, for they originated in the villany of Colonel Haller. He could never forget, amidst camps or Courts, the simple, unadorned charms of Amelia. He had persuaded her husband to take her with him when he left Sarsfield;

but these persuasions had the effect of determining St. Alvan to continue his resolution, which he had taken by the advice of his kind friend Count Sarsfield, to let her still reside at the Castle: for he had experienced enough of a military life, to know the dangers to which a young and beautiful woman would be exposed.

"The Colonel, thus perceiving his wishes frustrated, forgot, or rather seemed to have forgotten her for some time. When he at different periods visited the Castle, he had always behaved toward her with the strictest propriety; so much so, that she had almost forgotten that his behaviour had ever been otherwise. From the death of her husband he could hope little, as the Count still continued her friend; but his death opened a prospect widely different. He saw her now left friendless, and he found it an easy matter

matter to deprive her of the little ſtipend ſhe was allowed yearly, as the widow of the brave St Alvan.

"As he was now Colonel of the regiment of Sarsfield, the money paſſed through his hands, and he knew well it was reducing her to extreme want, that alone could forward his purpoſe. Soon after our departure, then, he began his operations, by giving her notice that the King had withdrawn her penſion. The ſtroke fell heavy on her; ſhe had no other means of ſupport. Her uncle, the Curé, had been dead three years; but as, whilſt I remained with her, ſhe had received a great addition to her income, ſhe had been enabled to form a little ſtore, which ſhe had deſtined for the future advancement of her beloved Charles. It was ſmall indeed, but ſhe had hoped to increaſe it. How great, then,

then, muſt have been her diſtreſs, when ſhe broke in upon this ſacred depoſit !

"'The Colonel, ſoon after the cruel information he had given her, viſited Sarsfield in perſon, filled with the idea of his own importance; and conceiving, as he did, that Madame St. Alvan was reduced to a ſtate of the utmoſt poverty, he ſcrupled not to make propoſals which, deciding from the depravity of his own heart, he doubted not would be acceptable to her in her preſent diſtreſſed ſtate. Judge then of his diſappointment and rage, when he was not only repulſed with contempt, but found his artful and villanous ſcheme had been of no effect; and that ſhe was yet above the abject poverty to which he had wiſhed to reduce her. But he had hopes that, whatever this ſecret fund might be, it was

not

not inexhauftible ;—he determined not to give up the purfuit. Unfortunately, the Colonel had but judged too truly; the fund poor Amelia found daily decreafing, and fhe faw no poffible means of replenifhing it ;—meantime, the cottage fhe had taken fo much delight to adorn, was in every part falling into ruins ; her garden, her flowers, that fhe had cultivated with fo much care, now lay deftroyed and wafted; their little elegancies and luxuries, which had rendered her cottage fuperior to her neighbours of the valley, was now no more ! Every where was to be diftinguifhed the devaftating hand of poverty.

"The unwearied Colonel from time to time received information of every change in her affairs, by means of one of the fervants who was left at Sarsfield, and whom he had bribed for the purpofe. When he at length

knew her to be reduced even as low in poverty as he could wifh her, he wrote to her, again offering her propofals which he believed fhe could not reject, befides an annuity treble the value of that fhe had been deprived of. He promifed a commiffion to her fon; and when old enough to ferve, his intereft fhould enfure him promotion. In her reply, fhe refufed his offer with the fame difdain fhe had ever done. She told him, much as fhe had her fon's welfare at heart, fhe hoped never, by the means of Colonel Haller, might he rife in the world!

"This letter, I make no doubt, ftung him deeply, as from that moment he never more infulted her with his profeffions of love; on the contrary, all his paffions feemed to have centered in revenge, and he purfued her, with the moft implacable hatred, to the early grave which his inhuman perfecution had prepared for her. She died of a broken heart!"

"Oh,

"Oh, ſurely," interrupted Joſephine, "his callous breaſt muſt have been wrung!—a few ſighs he muſt have given, to repentance, when he heard of her death!"

"The wretch!" exclaimed Angelica, with fervour, "and he yet lives, great, proſperous as ever! How can I blame Charles, that his cheek burns with indignation, that his eyes flaſh fire, that curſes of revenge quiver on his lips, when the remembrance of the injuries of this monſter preſent themſelves?—But I muſt recover myſelf—I ſee the recital has ſhocked you. Forgive me for dwelling on particulars; but I will haſten forward to that explanation I promiſed you."

Joſephine, drying her eyes, aſſured her ſhe felt too much intereſted, to have the narrative ſhortened. Angelica again continued—

"I have told you that, ſeated on the threſhold of the door, Charles repeated to

me every circumſtance of his mother's death—that ſhe bleſſed me with her dying breath.—Ah! you may be ſure of the effect this had upon me, who loved her ſo much!

" Charles had heard Colonel Haller was the author of their misfortunes, and the cauſe of his mother's unhappineſs. Though we did not underſtand the nature of his offences, yet we both poured on him the bittereſt reproaches, which in ſome ſort relieved our oppreſſed hearts. Caſting my eyes on the wan countenance of Charles, I felt another cauſe of ſorrow, when I thought to what ſufferings he had likewiſe been expoſed; but theſe I determined to remove as far as in my power, by entreating my aunt to relieve him. I ſaid nothing to him of my intended plan, determining to ſurpriſe him with the intelligence.

" Eager to put my plan in execution, I quitted

quitted him, and haſtening to my aunt, repeated to her what I had juſt been liſtening to; but my tears flowed faſter than my words, and it was ſome time before ſhe learned the cauſe of my grief. When made acquainted that it was the death of Madame St. Alvan, ſhe appeared much ſhocked. I told her likewiſe of her poverty, and the conſequent diſtreſs of her ſon.

"This, to my great joy, ſhe promiſed inſtantly to relieve, and ſettle on him a yearly penſion. If it had not been too late, I ſhould certainly have returned to him that night with the joyful tidings. I aroſe early in the morning, and inſtantly repaired to the cottage. Full fraught with the agreeable intelligence, I lifted the latch, and entered; but I was diſappointed, for no one was there but an old woman, buſily employed

in preparing a frugal breakfaſt. I excited her aſtoniſhment by telling her who I was, and ſaying I wanted to ſee Charles St. Alvan.

'Ah, bleſs him!' cried the old dame, 'he is gone betimes to the foreſt, to get ſome wood to kindle a fire for breakfaſt. I would fain have had him pluck down a few more branches of theſe limes before the houſe; but he would not, he ſaid, for his mother had ſat beneath their ſhade.'

"I remember it pleaſed me, for I ſhould have done the ſame; indeed I looked at the old woman, as if ſhe had committed ſacrilege when ſhe talked of plucking a few more branches of Amelia's favourite limes, to make a fire with.

"Soon Charles returned, bending beneath a load of dead wood he had picked up in the foreſt. I would have partaken of his labour,

labour, for I reverenced it—it had ſaved my beloved limes from deſtruction; yet I pitied his fatigue, and flew to relieve him from his load.

"Ah, Charles," ſaid I, no longer able to conceal the good tidings I had brought him, "ah, Charles, never ſhall you be obliged to carry that heavy burthen more; but you ſhall live as when your dear mother was alive. The cottage ſhall be white again, the beautiful climates ſhall cluſter in her chamber window, as they did when ſhe was alive; and we will again have the garden at the end of the graſs plot.

"Thus I ran on with a thouſand plans, without conſidering the aſtoniſhment that had ſeized my auditors; but an exclamation from Charles, expreſſive of his amazement, recalled me, and I related to him the promiſe of my aunt. The delight of Charles was

was extreme, for the thoughts of the dependance of his ſituation carried no repugnant idea with it; he thought only he ſhould now be enabled to put a graveſtone over the remains of his mother, and to make Dame Wetzler happy, by purchaſing her ſome neceſſaries, and procuring for himſelf ſome books.

"With a proſpect of ſo much happineſs, he was indeed grateful for my aunt's promiſed donation. Dame Wetzler was not without her ſhare of joy; ſhe had, when Amelia lived at the Caſtle, been one of the Counteſs's weekly penſioners. Amelia being the almoner, had often diſtinguiſhed poor Dame Wetzler, who in her turn looked on her as an angel. When the Counteſs quitted Sarsfield, ſhe ſtill continued to theſe objects of her charity their weekly ſtipend, and on this Dame Wetzler contrived to live; but

but Madame St. Alvan, knowing the ſcantineſs of her ſupport, obliged her to reſide with her, and well was ſhe rewarded for this good act. Dame Wetzler was ignorant, it is true; but ſhe had a kind heart, and ſhe loved Amelia with the affection of a mother —with the beſt of her abilities ſhe comforted and conſoled her. Shocking as it is, my beloved Madame St. Alvan would have wanted bread, but for the charity of the good dame; and when on her death-bed, her thoughts hung on her ſon, the child of her adored St. Alvan, ſhe delivered into her hands a letter, to be ſent to the Counteſs in Italy; and ſo ſtrong was the old woman's gratitude, that, kneeling by the bedſide, ſhe promiſed, if it received an unkind reception, her laſt morſel ſhould be divided with Charles.

"The old woman, according to her word, took

took the letter to Sarsfield herſelf, though ſhe had not walked an hundred yards ſome years, and ſaw it encloſed in a packet which was about to be ſent to Naples, but which packet we never received till ſome weeks after our return to Sarsfield, it having reached Naples a few days after we quitted it. In her packet, ſhe had explained every circumſtance relative to Colonel Haller, as I have juſt related to you; and in the moſt pathetic terms entreated the Counteſs to protect her ſon from the miſeries of his deſtitute ſituation. There was likewiſe a letter encloſed for me; it breathed throughout that extreme love which ſhe had ever evinced for me, and more and more endeared her remembrance to me.

"But, led away by my feelings, how do I ramble from my narrative! From what I have juſt related, you will not doubt but Dame

Wetzler

Wetzler partook of our joy. After ſome time, when they had in ſome degree recovered their firſt effuſion of thankfulneſs, Dame Wetzler invited me to partake of their homely breakfaſt, as ſhe not improperly ſtyled it; but never did I partake of a repaſt with more ſatisfaction. My young heart felt the joy I had given; the looks of gratitude Charles caſt on me—how did they reward me!—His eyes were filled with tears, and he repeated ſeveral times—'If my mother had lived to ſee this day!'

"Ah!" ſaid I, "if ſhe was with us, could we fail of being quite happy?—Ah! it was ſurely this mutual ſentiment in our early youth, firſt inſpired——"

Angelica pauſed, and corrected herſelf, as if aſhamed of the avowal ſhe was about to make. Her friends ſmiled, but ſaid nothing.

"When

"When this delightful meal was concluded," ſhe continued, "Charles accompanied me to viſit thoſe ſpots ſo dear to me in infancy. Our walks, our gradens, the limes, beneath whoſe ſhades we had ſo often played, all ſo dear to us from the recollections they inſpired, revived a thouſand ſcenes freſh in our minds, and of them we talked. The garden was, as Charles had ſaid, a deſolate ruin, the fences broken and deſtroyed. As ſoon as we approached it, he flew towards a ſpot that ſtill was encloſed within a ſlight fence.

'One thing, however,' he exclaimed with tranſport, 'I have preſerved! Do you remember your pretty roſe-tree?—It was all that was left me when you went away, to remind me of my dear Angelica. So I loved it, and watered it, and have taken care of it ever ſince.'

"I believe

"I believe I ought to apologize for recapitulating these little follies; but my history is formed of them. I visited likewise the grave of my dear Madame St. Alvan; and as we sat on the sod, our tears mingled together. We made an agreement that of an evening we would meet there, and talk of our dear departed mother, as I had ever delighted to call her.

"We continued true to our engagement:—sometimes I went to the cottage; but oftener he would meet me in the woods. My aunt knew of this intercourse, for I had often spoken to her of him; but as he seldom came to the Castle, it is most probable she did not know of their frequency. She kept me strictly to the practice of the accomplishments I had acquired during our residence at Naples; they were numerous, and I had made great proficiency in them. In our

our daily intercourfe, it was not long before Charles began to feel his deficiency; and he fighed for thofe opportunities of improvement which I poffeffed From his mother he had learned to read his native language, and his chief amufement confifted in perufing the books he poffeffed; but they were few, and not of a nature to give him much inftruction, or open his mind, as they moftly treated on theological fubjects, being part of the library of his good uncle, the Curé. He therefore eagerly befought me to lend him books; but being chiefly Italian, I gave him all the inftruction in my power, to make him acquainted with the language.

"Thus were our daily meetings continued (though time reconciled us to our lofs, and we had ceafed to lament, with childifh indulgence, the death of his beloved parent),

parent), in purſuing this inſtruction, in which I took ſo much pleaſure. I was grieved to hear my aunt's intention of quitting Sarsfield, as the winter was approaching, and reſiding for the next ſix months at S——. Charles regretted the departure even more than I did, ſo great a paſſion had he acquired for ſtudy; but we comforted ourſelves—he by the determination of dedicating the enſuing ſix months to perfect himſelf in what he had already acquired—and I in rendering myſelf more worthy of being his inſtructreſs. Filled with this idea, I employed my whole time with one or other of my maſters; my aunt, much pleaſed to obſerve in me ſo ſtrong a deſire for improvement, gratified me in every thing. Thus, in the idea of imparting knowledge to another, I made acquirements which, perhaps, I otherwiſe never might have attained.

"Thus the ſix months paſſed on; and happy was I, when I again entered the gates of Sarsfield. If I was delighted with my own improvements, what was I with thoſe of my ſcholar?—I found him a complete maſter of the Italian, and he had even tranſlated for me ſeveral ſonnets, ſongs, and other little pieces; the flageolet I had brought him from Italy, he had learned to play on with an expreſſion I never heard equalled. This charmed me the more, as I have the greateſt paſſion for muſic; and to indulge this new taſte in my pupil, I perſuaded my aunt to permit one of the leaſt ruinous chambers of this banquetting-houſe to be fitted up as a muſic-room. What pleaſure we took in the diſplay of our mutual acquiſitions!

"For the firſt four years after our return from Italy, the Counteſs equally divided her time between this place and S——; but I quitted

quitted Sarsfield yearly with more regret. My aunt's lameneſs for the laſt twelvemonth, rendering travelling diſagreeable to her, and being of a temper too proud to be fond of mixing with ſociety in general, and ever fearful of receiving ſlights from thoſe few ſhe eſteemed her ſuperiors, ſolitude became her only reſource; indeed, in Italy ſhe had left thoſe friends who could alone have endeared the world to her: added to that, her chief inducement, in the firſt inſtance, to leave Sarsfield, was to procure me thoſe inſtructors for the completion of my education, ſhe knew it was impoſſible to procure here. She has told me that ſhe almoſt feared propoſing this plan to me, dreading my determined oppoſition. How pleaſed was ſhe then with my willing acquieſcence! She thought ſhe could never enough reward me for what ſhe conſidered the greateſt ſacrifice I could

I could make her, particularly as I had but just entered into the pleafures I was about to quit without a figh.

"During my laft fix months' refidence at S——, I had been introduced to what is called the world; yet in the midft of the moft magnificent entertainments how fweetly, how pleafantly would the fimple banquet I was ufed to enjoy at the cottage of Dame Wetzler, arife to my remembrance! I recalled the foft fhade of the lime-trees as we fat beneath them; our tea-table was arranged before us; I difplayed the contents of my bafket, which generally contained fome delicacies for the good dame; yes, even in the gayeft fcenes, I dwelt with delight alone on thefe fimple remembrances.

"The adulation of the men I received with the fame abftractednefs and coldnefs of heart. If I liftened to their difcourfe, I was

was thinking, would St. Alvan have ſpoken thus?—in their every action I was ſtill framing compariſons. Ah, how did they exalt Charles! My aunt's fortune was too well known, not to procure me, young as I was, many offers; but I would not liſten to them a moment, and my aunt was too kind to force my inclination. Indeed I experienced from her the greateſt indulgence; yet I knew not how it was, I felt leſs inclined than ever to ſpeak of Charles: ſo much reſerve did I feel indeed, that I ceaſed, after a time, even to mention his name;—indeed I believe my reſerve was occaſioned by the knowledge of my aunt's pride, and her contempt for every one of the inferior claſs, as ſhe ſtyled St. Alvan; for I knew, when ſhe ſhould become acquainted with our intimacy, ſhe would inſtantly forbid any further intercourſe between us: and never could I reconcile myſelf to the

 idea

idea of despising the son of Amelia, because he was poor, and lived upon the bounty of my aunt. No, it appeared to me this was among the things that recommended him more particularly to my notice. As if by mutual agreement, we became more guarded; though I am convinced we were neither of us conscious that there was any impropriety in our actions: yet we were hardly the less together.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

"[illegible]raphic day-dreams."

MASON.

"FROM instructor, I had long become the instructed; for what his quick mind once glanced on, it instantly made its own. This self-education has certainly given to his character a particular sentiment; and perhaps the scene of it may have added to its effect. In these deep retirements, in the stillness of these vast solitudes, reflection is born. As he wandered over these high mountains,

gazed on ſtupendous precipices, or liſtened to the roaring torrent, ever beholding Nature in her ſublimeſt works, he has become her enthuſiaſt. If you could but hear him ſpeak as I have done! Ah, ſure it is true that in ſolitude man only knows himſelf! It is there we learn to contemn the falſe, the vain grandeur of the world—it is there we learn that man's proper diſtinction is in mind, and in that how near the ſervant rivals his Lord!"

Joſephine could not forbear ſmiling, as thus ſhe perceived all the philoſophy of her friend exerted only in reconciling herſelf to her paſſion. She ſaw the ſmile, and it confuſed her.

"Ah," ſaid ſhe, "I will ſay nothing in my excuſe! You muſt have heard him—liſtened to his touching voice—to his perſuaſive eloquence! I need not then ſeek an excuſe;

excuse; yet," said she, as if reflecting, "I loved him before I could feel these excellencies. No, I will no longer attempt to excuse myself, but repeat to you simply my sensations; indeed it is but a short time since I have myself been sensible of their real source. Never till lately did I suppose that the attachment I felt towards Charles, was different from that I entertained for my brother Augustus:—I believed he was dear to me as my friend, my only companion; I thought I loved him as the son of my second mother. Oh, that I had never known otherwise!—for in my ignorance I was happy in those days, I was indeed happy! It was then the bower, the root-house, the grotto were formed; ever was he devising new fancies to please and surprise me, and still he contrived every fresh construction should be nearer his cottage. It was then

 he

he would write me ſongs, and we would together ſet them to our own wild muſic; it was then he wrote that ballad which to-day he wetted with his tears.

"Ah, how gay and happy were we! It was ſtrange that, during all this time, I never thought of the conſequences of all this; it is true, I had no one to remind me of its impropriety. My aunt's lameneſs kept her conſtantly a priſoner to the houſe. She has aſked me, indeed, where I ſpent ſo much time; but as I ever had an excuſe of my muſic in the pavilion, I eſcaped therefore without ſuſpicion; indeed the demand was made but ſeldom of late years.

"Since her diſappointments and increaſing infirmities have diſguſted her with the world, ſhe has been ſo extremely attached to her religious exerciſes, that two Prieſts conſtantly reſide with her, and her dinner table is generally

generally attended by one or two of their brethren; and I make no doubt but they hope much from her liberality and piety, which they do not fail to enliven by ſuitable diſcourſe: therefore it is no wonder I was not much miſſed in ſuch ſociety. The ſervants had been accuſtomed to ſee us thus together from children, which, perhaps, prevented them from making thoſe comments which it was probable they would otherwiſe have done; and it was this likewiſe that lulled me into ſecurity.

"I forgot the difference a few years had effected—I forgot that we were no longer children. There was little difference in St. Alvan's manners, except that he treated me with more reſpect; in myſelf I was ſenſible of no change. I believed I loved him as a brother, with the ſame affection as formerly; it was he himſelf opened my eyes—it was himſelf preſented to me the precipice on

 which

which I ſtood. About five months ago, he told me he was going for a few days on a viſit to the Curé of Sarsfield, the ſucceſſor of his uncle, with whom he was acquainted. What pain did this intimation give me!—I could not endure a ſeparation of a few days. How did that idea alarm me! It was with difficulty I could reſtrain my tears, or from entreating him to poſtpone his viſit.

"When alone, ſeverely did I examine my heart.—'Am I not ſeparated from Auguſtus?' I aſked myſelf; 'and does that ſeparation, which may exiſt for as many years, as from Charles I am to be divided days—does it give me the grief I now experience?'—This queſtion, which I found myſelf unable to anſwer, and the emotions I experienced when he came to bid me adieu, completely revealed to me it was love—love even to

exceſs

excefs I felt for him. All the mifery of fuch a paffion immediately prefented itfelf—my aunt's anger, the contempt of the world, and, perhaps, my brother's difapprobation! But there was a greater evil than all thefe. Was I fure Charles loved me?—at leaft not with the love I experienced for him; for had he not juft parted from me voluntarily, and without the leaft figns of regret?—And I felt I could never have thus abfented myfelf from him, had the occafion been ever fo preffing.—Indeed the vifit gave birth to a variety of paffions. I remembered the Curé had a pretty fifter, even fo pretty, that my aunt perfuaded him to let her become a Nun, as fhe thought a Convent the leaft dangerous place for a beautiful and, like her, indigent young woman. I then even felt jealous left he who had had fo little intercourfe with our fex, might be charmed with

her beauty.—I began likewife to think there was fomething myfterious in this unexpected vifit. I began to fancy he muft have feen her. I thought, perhaps, fhe might have come to fee Dame Wetzler; and I was even filly enough to walk down to the old woman's, to enquire.

"Forgive me that I repeat all this folly:—it is to fhew only that my mind at that time was too much occupied in forming fuggeftions about his abfence, to reflect on the abfurdity of my conduct, or into how much unhappinefs it might plunge me. If indeed I did reflect, it was only that I had a large and independent fortune; nor did I think I could difpofe of it better than in fecuring my own happinefs, not conceiving it infringed on any moral duty.

"I marked the lagging progrefs of the promifed time; and when at the end of the

third evening I did not ſee him, I was miſera-ble. I then concluded all my ſuppoſitions juſt, and I looked on him as the moſt cruel and ungrateful of men. On the fourth evening, heaping on him the ſame accuſation, I ſlowly turned into the path leading to his cottage, expecting indeed to meet him; but expecting it without pleaſure.—'If he returns,' thought I, 'he returns not to ſee me.'—Never did I feel ſo melancholy and diſcompoſed.

"As I thought, I had not walked far, be-fore I ſaw St. Alvan approach. He flew with eagerneſs towards me, and, taking both my hands, he preſſed them to his breaſt; but I turned from him, and ſtrove all in my power to diſengage them, though my heart ſecretly exulted; and I believed him all my own, as I marked the pleaſure that beamed in his countenance at this

 rencontre:—

rencontre:—yet with an unpardonable pettishness, I felt displeased he had quitted me at all, and I was determined to shew him I was, and at length succeeded in disengaging my hands. I turned hastily from him;—my action seemed to surprise as much as to hurt him.

'Is this my reception after this long absence?' said he, in a voice of agitation.

'You no doubt thought it long,' replied I.

'Lady Angelica,' said he, following me, 'tell me in what I have unfortunately offended.'

'You have done nothing—I am not offended, Sir,' said I.

"I believe it was the first time in my life I had ever used that title. As I turned to answer him, I observed the effect it had upon him. All the joy that animated his countenance, was fled. He looked sad and dispirited;

difpirited; his voice was that of the deepeft defpondency, as he ftill continued to entreat I would name to him his offence. But I was too angry with him thus eafily to forgive him; or, perhaps, I was too well pleafed with the anxiety he expreffed, to deprive him of it haftily. I therefore continued to behave towards him with a coldnefs I am fure was moft foreign to my feelings; for never had I been fo contented with him. I even refufed my accuftomed ftroll to fee Dame Wetzler, under the pretence of my aunt's requiring my attendance in a few moments; but he perceived this was merely a pretext, and I faw him depart with an expreffion of forrow on his countenance I had never before beheld.

"He was fcarcely gone from me, before I began to relent, and accufed myfelf of cruel

levity,

levity, in afflicting him thus without a cause; yet my heart was so filled with pleasure at this conviction of my power over him, that it left little room for any sensation of regret. I now felt a full assurance of his love, even, as I thought, an assurance beyond what words could have given me; yet I wished to have them clothed in language, if it was only to hear how eloquently he would express himself: and in our next meeting, I was determined to lay aside all appearance of anger.

"As I was retiring to repose, I happened by chance to approach my window, and plainly did I descry his figure passing hastily to and fro on the grass-plot beneath—now stopping, and again passing slowly along, every movement marking his uneasy mind.

"Could I wish a stronger proof of his love?

love?—He believed I was offended, and had forfaken his peaceful cabin, finding more pleafure in traverfing a fpot, from whence he might, perhaps, behold me, or perceive the light that gleamed in my chamber:—at leaft, this was the conftruction my vanity chofe to affix to his behaviour, and it gave me a delight too potent to admit of repofe.

"After having for fome time folicited fleep, I arofe, and approached the window. Day was juft breaking, yet ftill did I perceive him; he was leaning in a mournful attitude againft fome marble baluftrades. I did not dare look on him, left he fhould obferve me.

"Do you not think I muft have grown cruel-hearted, when even the knowledge of his having paffed a night without reft, and in the greateft uneafinefs of mind, gave me only joy!—and yet it is truth;—that was the

the ſenſation I experienced: for by his present wretchedneſs did I meaſure his love.

'Yes, he loves,' ſaid I, 'even as I love! If he had been offended, even ſo ſhould I have done. My pillow ſhould have been alike neglected; and, had I dared, the only place of my reſt ſhould have been the ſod before his door.'—But you muſt love as I do, before you can imagine half the folly.

"At our next meeting I had no intention to keep up any appearance of diſpleaſure; nor could I, had I even attempted it, ſo well had his recent behaviour reconciled me, even to his having voluntarily abſented himſelf from me four days.

"He had never learned his offence, yet he ſeemed rejoiced at this termination, ſo favourable to him, of my myſterious diſpleaſure; and, no doubt, he inwardly accuſed me of childiſh caprice and inconſtancy, in

taking

taking offence at ſuch a trifle. I could not even confeſs the cauſe. In the joy of this reconciliation, his language aſſumed more of paſſion than I had ever witneſſed before.

"I hoped, thus thrown off his guard, he would declare thoſe ſentiments I would not permit myſelf to doubt he felt; but I heard not this deſired confirmation of all my wiſhes. He ſoon appeared to recollect himſelf, and inſtantly reſumed his former behaviour; yet I thought it was the reſult of an effort. There was certainly ſomething particular in his manner:—every hour I expected the ſo much deſired declaration; but ſtill I was diſappointed. And will you forgive me, when I confeſs I even ſoftened my behaviour towards him, in hopes to effect it?—but it was in vain. I did indeed perceive an alteration in him; he became more

more reſerved, abſenting himſelf as much as poſſible, forming an hundred frivolous excuſes; and when preſent, he appeared abſtracted, anſwering wide of the ſubject. But this change I ſaw without pain:—I fondly hoped his reſerve, his melancholy, his abſence, all had their ſource in an ardent, yet timid love; but at length his wretchedneſs became too apparent for me longer to blind myſelf with the idea that it was occaſioned by the apprehenſions of love. No, it was ſome ſerious miſery weighed on his heart; his abſences, now ſo long and frequent, were to me the occaſion of the moſt ſerious alarm. I could no longer bear the variety of my own ſuppoſitions; I could form no probable idea.—'He loves ſome one he has quitted,' jealouſy whiſpered to me; for I believed it impoſſible that misfortune could ſpring from any other ſource. Yet whom could he behold with

affection,

affection, that would not return it?—But ſoon my imagination had no further occaſion to ſeek the cauſe of his miſeries.

"After a longer abſence than uſual, I really felt ſo alarmed, I determined to go to the cottage, though I deſpaired of finding him, and enquire of Dame Wetzler if ſhe could by any means divine the ſource of his grief. The old woman was rejoiced to ſee me.

'Ah!' ſaid ſhe, 'I thought, my dear Lady, you never intended to honour our poor cottage with your preſence again. To be ſure, I have had but a dull time of it of late; for M. St. Alvan himſelf is little with me, and when he is, he is ſo beſide himſelf, it only grieves me to look on him.'

'Can you imagine,' ſaid I, 'the cauſe of this mournful alteration in him?'

'I know

'I know of nought that ails him,' replied the good Dame. 'I am afraid sometimes his head is astray; for he seldom rests in his bed of nights, but wanders in the woods, quite wild as it were. Let it rain or hail, all the same matter to him; and often he sits whole hours writing poetry songs, and I sometimes think he has been crying, so sad does he look! Ah, I never like learning in poor folk!—it only makes them uneasy at their lot.'

"I was too much shocked at this account of his state of mind, so much worse than I had thought it, to enter into any justification of the ill, in her eyes, I had occasioned poor St. Alvan, by rendering him too refined for his station. I thought only, if possible, to make myself acquainted with his secret grief, in order, if in my power, to

to remove it. I was anxious to obtain ſome of the poetry ſhe had ſaid he was ever writing:—I therefore aſked the old woman if ſhe could ſhew me ſome of the writing ſhe ſpoke of.

'Yes ſurely,' ſaid ſhe; "I found theſe two pieces of poetry this morning, juſt as he went out, and I thought to myſelf I will ſee what I can make of them; but, Lord! they are as though they were foreign to me. I ſee only they are very piteous.'

"I was impatient for the ſight of them, and ſlowly did Dame Wetzler relieve me, by very leiſurely taking them from her pocket. They were two ſonnets; and fully did they explain to me the cauſe of his unhappineſs. No ſecret ſorrow, occaſioned by love he dared not confeſs, appeared. They breathed only the complaints of a mind that finds itſelf ſuperior to its fortune—of

a heart,

a heart, whose ſenſibilities were alive to ſocial happineſs, yet finds itſelf excluded by circumſtances, from all congenial intercourſe.

'Charles,' thought I, 'why thus complain? There is one heart at leaſt congenial—there is one heart that beats in uniſon with thine;'—but the belief that he rejected it, now took poſſeſſion of my mind. Again I read and re-read the ſonnets; yet there was not one line, one word I could interpret as connected with myſelf. No, it is plain I was far from his thoughts—I no way occaſioned the grief Dame Wetzler portrayed; yet the pang I experienced at the conviction of the fallacy of my hopes, and the anger I felt againſt him for his inſenſibility, were all forgotten, when I reflected he was unhappy."

At Joſephine's earneſt deſire, ſhe read aloud the following ſonnets:

SONNET

SONNET.

Yes, in this ſilent glen I will abide,
Hail the rude horrors of yon frowning ſteep,
And theſe black foreſts, and their ſhadows deep,
In whoſe dark boſom I will ever hide.

Thoſe woes which man unfeeling would deride;
Yes, here, e'en here, midſt Nature's rudeſt ſcene,
My waſted heart its little peace ſhall glean—
I'll watch the tempeſt o'er the mountains ride;

And think, as man flies ſhrinking from the blaſt,
And trembles at its devaſtating pow'r,
How ſhort, how brief, how tranſient is his hour!
How ſoon his frail and feveriſh being's paſt!

Ah! weak and ſenſeleſs, then ſhall man complain,
Though his life's lot be one unchequered pain!

SONNET.

Though to my fellow-man my boſom turns,
Yet none regards me with an eye of love;
In no kind breaſt a warmth congenial burns—
Alone amidſt the world I ſeem to move.

Children

Children of pride! ah, would not ye disown
One who, like me, nor birth nor fortune claim!
Nor can I mingle with the low-bred clown;
No kindred sense have we of joy or pain.

Ah! better far had science been deny'd,
Or that the Muse my breast had ne'er refin'd;
Rude and content, I then had never sigh'd,
An isolated exile from mankind.

Of social bliss, cut off from every source,
Thy gifts, Oh Nature! are my greatest curse!

As she finished reading, she continued—

"I quitted the cottage. My mind was a chaos. Sometimes the words of Dame Wetzler presented themselves, and I accused myself of having aided him in refining away his happiness; but the reflection that overwhelmed me, was the assurance that I did not

not poſſeſs his love. As I returned home, I determined to ſeek the ſolitude of this chamber, and endeavour in ſome degree to arrange my diſturbed ideas.

" I entered, and perceived Charles: he was in exactly the ſituation in which we to-day ſurpriſed him. His face was reſting on his hands; and as I looked on him, I perceived tears ſteal from between his fingers. The ſight was enough to awaken in my boſom the ſofteſt ſympathy; all the anger I had felt towards him, was forgotten; I thought only of conſoling him. I haſtened towards him.

' Dear Charles,' ſaid I, ' what is it can thus afflict you? I have been the companion of your pleaſures; then may I not participate in your ſorrows?'

' Dear Angelica,' ſaid he, taking my hand, and endeavouring to overcome the

despondency his countenance but a moment before expressed, by a smile, 'I have no griefs but what this kind solicitude of your's will do away; I was merely lost in reflection when you entered.'

'Ah, Charles!' said I, 'but it was a reflection that wrung tears from you!'

"I was sorry when I had uttered this, for I saw he wished to keep this weakness from me. The knowledge that I had been witness to it, cast a gloom over his countenance, which I endeavoured to dissipate by the assurance of my regard, and my determination to partake of his grief. Some idea touched him as I spoke—he seemed in a perfect agony; every limb trembled; he no longer restrained his tears; he sobbed convulsively.

"This extreme disorder strangely alarmed me.

me. I endeavoured to give him aſſiſtance, but knew not in what ſhape to offer it.

'Leave me!' he at length articulated, 'leave me, Angelica! If my hopes of happineſs, my peace of mind are dear to you, leave me!'

"The more he beſought me to quit him, the leſs did I imagine it to be right. He indeed appeared to be too little maſter of himſelf, to be left alone.

'No, Charles,' ſaid I, 'I will never leave you, till I ſee you reſtored to compoſure.'

"Violent were the emotions that ſtill agitated his whole frame; but in a little time he became more compoſed. The tears rolled down his cheeks, but deep groans no longer rent his boſom. He wept, but the tears he ſhed, gave him relief. How did I rejoice to behold him thus calm!

' How weak I am!' he at length exclaimed. ' And have the days I have ſpent in combating my feelings, come to this?—and one moment of folly, to deſtroy that which has been the work of the beſt hours of my life!'

" Thus did he continue to upbraid himſelf. He ſeemed almoſt to forget my preſence. Endeavouring to comfort him all in my power, I ſaid—

' Do not reproach yourſelf, my dear Charles; I have learned nothing but what I was fully informed of. With the cauſe of your grief I am already acquainted.'

' The cauſe of my grief is already known to you!' repeated he, in a voice of the utmoſt diſmay. ' Then, Oh my God! you know——'

" Then, as if ſuddenly recollecting himſelf,

ſelf, he eagerly demanded how I had attained that knowledge. I almoſt bluſhed to confeſs; but at length I ſaid it was from ſome lines of his I had procured from Dame Wetzler. He took them haſtily from me; and as his eyes ran over them, how was I ſurpriſed to behold a ſmile of complacency ſpread over his face! He aroſe from his knees, on which he had thrown himſelf; he ſeemed ſuddenly compoſed.

'I ſee, then, it is uſeleſs to attempt longer to hide from you that I am not happy, and as uſeleſs to conceal from you the cauſe.'

'It is then true,' ſaid I, 'you are tired of the ſociety in which I have been ſo happy, and that in the buſy ſcenes of the world, you wiſh to loſe the remembrance of it!'—And I could hardly reſtrain the tears that were forcing their paſſage to my eyes.

 'No!'

'No!' exclaimed he, 'when I forget the early days of my youth, may the ſweet companion of them forget me! No, never can the remembrance paſs from my mind but in my grave!'

"He ſpoke this with ſo much fervour, that it comforted me.

'Then why,' aſked I, 'do you wiſh to go, and encounter in the world thoſe thouſand evils this ſolitude exempts you from?'

'Angelica,' he replied, 'am I not a poor dependant? Is not the very bread I eat, beſtowed upon me by the hand of charity? And can I, feeling as I do the capability of procuring for myſelf the bleſſing of independence—can I live in the happineſs I have done?'

'Dear Charles,' ſaid I, 'why will you thus refine away your peace? Are not all men in ſome degree dependant one on the

other?

other? And, remember, it is not a gift you receive, but a debt—a debt which no pecuniary benefit can repay. Confider it as the legacy of your father's friend, Count Sarsfield; or rather confider how much I owe the memory of your excellent mother, how much more than my aunt can ever repay her fon!'

'Dear and excellent Angelica,' he replied, 'it is in vain you endeavour, by fuch fweet fophiftry, to reconcile me to my fate: you cannot conceal from me that I fubfift upon charity.'

'It is then pride,' faid I; 'you difdain to bear the weight of an obligation, even from the hand of your beft friend!'

'Oh, do not fo wrong my heart!' he faid. 'The fenfe of how much I owe you, is its fweeteft feeling!'

'Convince me it is,' I anſwered haſtily, 'by no longer wiſhing to quit us.'

'Angelica,' he replied, ſtrongly agitated, 'if you knew every emotion of my boſom—if you knew how long I ſtruggled to gain this reſolution, the thouſand reaſons that urge me to flight, and how unſtable even now is the reſolution, in pity you would yourſelf ſuſtain my fainting courage.'

'Though I cannot approve your reaſon,' ſaid I, interrupting him, 'I will no longer oppoſe a ſcheme which appears to you neceſſary to your happineſs. I will likewiſe endeavour to bring my aunt to conſent, that ſhe may exert her influence in your favour, in whatever line of life you have fixed on to purſue.'

"That I ſpoke thus, was the reſult of an effort, and a determined reſolution he ſhould not witneſs the pain I felt.

'Ah!'

'Ah!' ſaid he, 'ſtill do you load me with freſh benefits! But I will ſay nothing of them—they are engraven on my heart. What I purpoſe is, to follow the footſteps of my father. I intend entering the Pruſſian ſervice; and may I be enabled to perform one act, that may recall the remembrance of my brave father, and their ingratitude towards him! But to that villain, Colonel Haller, all may be imputed; and I may chance to meet him too.'

"This threat ſeemed to eſcape him involuntarily; for he became inſtantly calm, trying to retract his words. But he had ſufficiently alarmed me; and I repreſented to him, by all the arguments I could deviſe, the crime and folly of the purſuit, if this deſire of revenge was one of the ſecret reaſons that urged him to quit us. It was in vain he attempted to aſſure me it had no weight

with him; indeed we parted without his having convinced me that this was not the reaſon he ſo ſeduloufly withheld from me.

"We met again this morning; but the interview has but added to my wretchedneſs. He ſeems more reſolved than ever to put his ſcheme in execution. He again recapitulated his argument of yeſterday, endeavouring to perſuade me of the neceſſity of his ſpeedy departure. Ah, my dear friends! there is ſomething myſterious in his manner, his expreſſions, that alarms me. I feel a ſtrange conviction that it is to ſeek Colonel Haller, he has taken this reſolution. Yet it ſeems to me ſo unlike Charles, a ſcheme ſo ſanguinary and revengeful!

"Tell me then, I beſeech you, tell me," continued Angelica, in an earneſt voice, "what ought I to do? Surely it is my duty, if I reflect only on what I owe his mother,

mother, to do all in my power to prevent the evil which I foresee. Or ought I to accede to his desire ?—and, according to my promise, if he still continues in his resolution, speak in his behalf to my aunt ?"

Olivia was silent, and Josephine spoke not till after some minutes' consideration.

"Dear Angelica," she at length said, "were I you, I would not oppose his inclination. If he continues still to wish it, I would speak to the Countess, that he may be placed in a situation not unworthy of him; it will only make him regard you with increased gratitude. I would indeed, as a preliminary, draw from him a promise not to seek that Colonel Haller."

Josephine said this, to quiet the apprehensions of Angelica; though, for her own part, she did not believe he was actuated by any motives of revenge. She believed,

 indeed,

indeed, he had a hidden reaſon—ſhe believed it to be no other than a paſſion he had conceived for Angelica. Yet ſhe ſaw the propriety of not betraying the ſecret ſhe had thus gathered from this recital; for what good purpoſe, ſhe thought, could it anſwer Angelica?—though ſhe herſelf was inſpired with ſo ardent and romantic a love, as to make her deſpiſe all diſparity of rank, yet ſhe had no reaſon to ſuppoſe her friends would be equally indulgent:—ſhe could have no other proſpect than their heavieſt diſpleaſure; and though perhaps ſhe might be tempted even to brave that, yet, till of age, ſhe was poſſeſſed of nothing independent of them. Theſe conſiderations, and a hope that Charles might, if permitted to enter the ſervice, by his own bravery and good fortune, be enabled to render the diſtinction that ſeparated them leſs, and in ſome ſort

ennobling

ennobling his name, which might render him leſs obnoxious to the pride of Madame Sarsfeld—theſe reflections paſſing in the mind of Joſephine, determined her not to communicate to Angelica her real thoughts; for ſhe too well knew the nature of the paſſion, not to be aſſured that a conviction of the reciprocity of her affection would awake a thouſand new tenderneſſes, a thouſand new fears for his ſafety, and that never by her means would he be enabled to quit the valley.

Angelica, without knowing all the reaſons that prompted Joſephine to give, ſaw the propriety of this advice; yet ſhe could not bring her heart to accede to it, the thought of ſeparation was ſo painful: and it was not till after ſome time, that ſhe had reaſoned herſelf into a reſolution to permit his wiſhes on their next meeting, to guide her.

They had continued converſing on this intereſting topic long after the hour they ought to have returned; till the Counteſs, alarmed, had abſolutely ſent ſome of the domeſtics in ſearch of them. Arouſed by this intimation, they began to reflect on the length of their abſence;—they haſtened, therefore, back to the Caſtle, making ſuch excuſes as at the moment ſuggeſted themſelves. But ſo late had been their ſtay, that the ſhades of night had gathered round them, long before they had returned to St. Ulric.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

" With what a leaden and retarding weight
" Does expectation load the wings of time!"

MASON.

JOSEPHINE repeated to Olivia the emotions that actuated her in the advice ſhe had given their friend Angelica, which Olivia greatly approved; ſhe had drawn the ſame concluſion, that St. Alvan's love for his fair benefactreſs was the occaſion of that noble reſolve that ſeemed to have coſt him ſo much pain.

In

In this advice Josephine sought not to divide them—far otherwise; she believed it the only possible method of promoting their union: for she was too little versed in the philosophy of the great, to believe worth and genius resided only with rank and wealth; and she had too little pride to feel shocked that she might hereafter find a sister in the wife of a plebiean:—she knew likewise enough of the mind of Alzendorf, to feel persuaded he would respect honour and merit wherever he found it.

Thus occupied with the affairs of Angelica, it for some days diverted her mind from a too acute contemplation of her own. But her anxiety would not suffer her long to forget her afflictions; and it was with increased impatience, and almost extinguished hope, she beheld each day concluding but with fresh disappointment. She received

received letters from Angelica—ſtill ſhe wavered; and though ſhe confeſſed St. Alvan as anxiouſly as ever deſired it, ſhe had not yet made the promiſed application to the Counteſs.

Joſephine ſaw her work yet incomplete, but ſhe had not reſolution to accompliſh it; ſhe knew and felt the affliction that Angelica muſt endure in herſelf forwarding that plan, which ſhe believed might ſeparate her and one ſhe tenderly loved, for ever. No; Joſephine, ſuffering as ſhe did from the ſame cauſe, began to believe it impoſſible any one could voluntarily impoſe ſo much affliction on themſelves. She was even tempted to reveal her ſuſpicions; yet when ſhe reflected it would only perhaps involve them in freſh difficulties, ſhe determined to conceal them, but wrote to her the moſt ſoothing

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI

foothing letters, forbearing to urge her fpeaking to her aunt :—thus employed in pouring balm into the bofom of her friend, her own ftill rankling with the fevereft affliction.

One evening, more difpirited than ufual, Jofephine had retired to her chamber, leaving Olivia to take her accuftomed ftroll alone. She had remained fome time immerfed in thought, when fhe was fuddenly interrupted by the entrance of Olivia, who, breathlefs with hafte, exclaimed—

" He is come !—he is at length come !"

Jofephine's heart, palpitating with ungovernable tranfport, eafily interpreted her meaning.

" Where is he? Oh, let me fly to him !"—was all fhe exclaimed ; and with wild eagernefs fhe flew forward, followed by Olivia. They exchanged not another

fentence,

ſentence, till, with the utmoſt ſpeed, they gained the ſpot where Olivia, a few moments before, had beheld him; but no Alzendorf was there—no expecting lover flew to meet her!

"Sick with diſappointment, and overcome with the emotions of joy ſhe had a moment before experienced, ſhe had nearly ſunk on the graſs.

"Olivia, why have you deceived me? Where is he?"

Olivia was as much at a loſs as herſelf; ſhe could only aſſure her of the truth of her intelligence, that ſhe herſelf had beheld him, but a few minutes before, on that very ſpot.

"Ah! you muſt have deceived yourſelf!" ſaid Joſephine, in tones of mournful diſappointment; but ſhe felt conviction it could be no illuſion, when Olivia aſſured her he had even ſpoken to her. Yet how extraordinary

dinary was his fudden difappearance!—But after having vainly explored every path that furrounded the fpot, they determined to wait his return exactly in that fituation where he had fpoken to Olivia.

Seating themfelves there on the grafs, Olivia told her that her maid, whilft dreffing her, awakened her curiofity, by mentioning the myfterious appearance of a foldier, who for feveral days and nights had befet the Abbey and grounds; that feveral of the fervants had remarked him, and even thought of acquainting the Baron of it, believing he lurked about for no good.

'Nor do I believe he does,' continued my loquacious Abigail. 'I will tell you, Mademoifelle, why I think fo. Laft night, as I was walking by myfelf on the terrace, I was very much furprifed and alarmed at perceiving him on the other fide of the hedge.

hedge. Nay, Mademoiſelle, you may laugh,' ſaid ſhe, ſeeing me ſmile, ' but you would yourſelf be alarmed, if you was to ſee him all muffled up as he is, and would certainly think with me, he can be after no good.'

" You may be ſure, my dear Joſephine, this account of the man's diſguiſe did not leſſen my ſuſpicions, and I liſtened eagerly to the continuation of the ſtory.

' I immediately determined to return,' continued my maid; ' but you know, Mademoiſelle, what a way it is. No ſooner had I turned about, but he followed me, now paſſing me quick, and now returning: and when we had reached the lawn where it was rather lighter, he walked for ſome way by my ſide, every now and then looking earneſtly at me. I thought once or twice he was about to ſpeak; but he did not, though he never quitted me till I was within a few yards of the Abbey.'

" From

" From this recital, I was pretty well aſſured my ſuſpicions were juſt; yet I feared to awaken your hopes, leſt they ſhould prove deluſive. But I determined that our evening ramble ſhould be directed towards the terrace: your refuſal to accompany me did not give me much regret, as I thought I might make my own obſervations; and if happily they proved ſatisfactory, not to alarm you too much by the diſcovery, though you know how well I ſucceeded.

" I had not paſſed twice up this walk, before I beheld this formidable warrior that had ſo alarmed our houſehold. I rather approached, than fled from him. I perceived with pleaſure how guarded were his advances, long before he ſpoke. I was aſſured, by his height and graceful figure, it was the Count. When within a few

paces

paces of me, he regarded me ſtedfaſtly for ſome moments. His face was much muffled up. I turned not from his ſcrutinizing glance. He ſtood ſo long ſurveying me thus, that my heart ſunk, and I began to tremble, leſt I was deceived; when, as I was about to paſs on, he ſtopped me, by advancing cloſe to me, and placing his hand on my arm.

'Is it you, Mademoiſelle Weimer?' he aſked.

"Thus aſſured beyond all doubt, I abſolutely ſcreamed for joy; and diſengaging my hand from his graſp, I flew with the rapidity of lightning, to make you acquainted with the rapturous intelligence. Fool that I was! I make no doubt, from my extreme alarm, he muſt have believed I was not the perſon he addreſſed."

Hardly could Joſephine attend to this recital,

recital, greatly as it concerned her, ſo anxiouſly did ſhe catch every paſſing ſound, thinking ſhe heard his approach in each ruſtling of the wind.

"Ah! he will doubtleſs return," ſaid ſhe, "in a few moments!"—And with breathleſs emotion ſhe looked once more around her.

"Why," ſaid ſhe, turning to Olivia, "did you deprive me of the ſweet pleaſure I now experience? Why not tell me of your hopes when you firſt formed them?"

"Becauſe," replied Olivia, "you could not have borne to find thoſe hopes prove fallacious."

"That is true," ſaid Joſephine. "I feel I could not have endured a diſappointment."

At that inſtant, footſteps were heard quick advancing towards them; and though the gloom of twelve ſurrounded them, yet they

they could diſtinguiſh their expected viſitor. Totally overcome with the powerful ſenſations that aſſailed her, Joſephine found herſelf incapable of haſtening towards him, or even riſing. Olivia, repelled by no ſuch emotions, flew inſtantly to meet him, eagerly exclaiming—

"Joſephine is here!—I have brought her!" And ſnatching his hand, drew him towards her.

Joſephine, with eager affection, held out her arms to receive him; but what was her ſurpriſe and terror when, inſtead of Alzendorf, a ſtranger reſpectfully touched her hand. She ſhrieked, and fainted.

Olivia, filled with diſmay, was now herſelf convinced of her error by the voice of the ſtranger; but too much alarmed by the ſituation of Joſephine, to be engroſſed by

by any other idea, ſhe only entreated of him to fly for ſome aſſiſtance. But before he could obey, Joſephine began to recover. The ſtranger knelt by her ſide.

"Dear Mademoiſelle Loſenſtein," ſaid he, "my appearance ſeems to have diſappointed you; but let the aſſurance that I have a letter for you, be a conſolation."

This intelligence was the moſt reviving cordial he could adminiſter.

"You then really come from Count Alzendorf?" cried Olivia, who had been alarmed with ſhe knew not what fears, that this man might be an emiſſary of the Prince.

"I do," replied the ſtranger; "I am his friend. My name is Ludoff!"

As he ſaid this, Joſephine recalled to her recollection this valued friend of Alzendorf.

"I have given you a ſtrange reception," ſaid

ſaid ſhe; "but you muſt pardon me.—But where is Alzendorf? Why do I not ſee him? They have in pity deceived me, and he is not yet releaſed!'

"Do not agitate yourſelf, my dear Madame," ſaid he, "and I will relate to you every particular, and acquaint you how I became honoured by this commiſſion."

Saying which, he delivered her a packet of letters. She took them with a trembling hand; and ſo much impatience did ſhe feel to peruſe them, that hardly could ſhe command her attention, to liſten to his promiſed recital. But Ludoff, willing to relieve her inquietude as to the preſent ſituation of her lover, haſtened to inform her that he was in reality releaſed from his confinement the day ſhe quitted S——; but it was under a reſtriction that he muſt remain in the city, or within five miles of its environs.

"Hardly could this be called liberty; yet ſuch as it was, he accepted it, hoping he might by ſome method elude their vigilance, and at leaſt find means of writing to you, and receiving letters in his turn. As they had left to his option S——, or five miles of its environs, he fixed upon the moſt retired village he could find; not more, as he himſelf ſaid, to eſcape the ſight of thoſe who were now more than ever deteſtable to him, than to indulge in a ſolitude he would fancy ſimilar to your's. That they ſuffered him to make this choice, was the end of their indulgencies. Bound by his own promiſe, he could not himſelf ſeek you; and every attempt he made to have letters conveyed, proved abortive. He found he was here as cloſely watched and guarded as if he had ſtill continued a priſoner in the fortreſs of the north gate.

"He

" He formed project after project; but baffled in all alike, he funk under the disappointment. A deep forrow confumed him; a prey to his imagination, a thoufand chimeras haunted him; he even fancied you had not quitted S——; that he had been deceived, to lull his fufpicions; and thefe fufpicions he ftrengthened by the improbability of the Prince's having as equally banifhed himfelf your prefence, as he had done Alzendorf.

" This torturing idea, working on his heated fancy, threw him into a delirious fever, from which he was juft recovering, when I obtained permiffion to vifit him. I found him in the loweft ftate of depreffion; he would feldom fpeak even to me. I talked to him of his enemies—of the Prince—of Countefs Wolina; but I could not roufe him. I mentioned your name, Made-

Mademoiselle Losenstein, but he only sighed hopelessly.

"More alarmed by this listless melancholy than I should have been by the most violent expression of despair, I thought of every possible means to awaken him from this stupor. Nothing appeared to me so probable, as once more to recall his hopes, by receiving a few lines from you, assuring him of your continued love; and to obtain it, I knew no other method than myself to endeavour to discover your abode, and to see you.—I repeated my plan to Alzendorf: and I found I had succeeded even beyond my hopes. He listened to me with attention; and in the expression of gratitude he poured on me, his feelings seemed to have recovered their natural warmth. He instantly wrote the letters, and I immediately set off for S——: and procuring myself this dress,

drefs, to evade all fufpicion, I commenced my journey without delay, having fully informed myfelf of the route. This is the fourth evening I have made my perambulation round the Abbey, without being able to gain a fight of the perfons I fought, and I almoft began to defpair of fo complete a fuccefs. I was laft night tempted to try the fidelity of one of the fervants whom I encountered; but I determined firft to make one more effort, which has moft happily fucceeded: and I believe it was high time, as I began to find myfelf furveyed with an eye of fufpicious fear by the domeftics I chanced to meet."

Olivia replied gaily, by recounting to him the impreffion his myfterious behaviour had made on her maid.

Whilft they thus continued converfing,

 Jofephine

Joſephine was loſt in a mournful reverie; her tears had flowed unceaſingly, as Ludoff had related the melancholy ſituation of Alzendorf. Though theſe tears were tears of ſorrow, yet how different were they from thoſe ſhe had ſhed, when ſhe believed he loved the Counteſs! How ſeverely did ſhe reproach herſelf for this ſelfiſhneſs!

"I am not ſo unhappy," thought ſhe, "and yet I know myſelf to be the cauſe of his preſent ſufferings!"

Joſephine's ſilence recalled Olivia; and, ſhocked at her levity, ſhe ceaſed her converſation, and aſked Joſephine if ſhe did not wiſh to return, to peruſe her letter. Ludoff informed Joſephine he would await her commands at the ſame hour the following evening, as the moſt ſecure from intruſion.

"I need not entreat you, Mademoiſelle

Loſenſtein,

Lofenftein, to give my friend comfort; his own letter will fpeak for him."

Jofephine was almoft unable to articulate her thanks for his difinterefted friendfhip, which had made him willingly undergo fuch repeated troubles. He told her he had taken up his abode at a cottage about two leagues' diftance, thinking it fafer than a refidence nearer. He then took his leave, Jofephine promifing to have her letters ready by the time appointed.

They had fome way to return. Jofephine, wholly engroffed about the letter, which fhe preffed to her lips, was filent till they gained the houfe; when, begging Olivia to make her excufes to her father, fhe retired to her apartment. The fight of the well-known hand brought tears of delight to her eyes:—its contents were as follow:—

"Josephine, it is the wretched Alzendorf addresses you, asks you for consolation! I have said doubt should never more possess my bosom; and believe me it does not, or I should not even retain the little portion of reason that is left me. No—never have I felt a stronger reliance on your truth, your love; yet how delightful will it be to have a fresh assurance of it, and from your own hand! It is this sweet hope has drawn me from a strange insensibility, which I have for some time felt—it is this hope has again made my heart beat—it is Ludoff, my kind Ludoff, that has thus again awakened me to sensation! He has promised he will himself convey this letter to you—he has promised he will himself see you! I am therefore satisfied I shall not undergo another disappointment. Ah! if indeed I am again destined to experience it, it will destroy me!

"When

"When I firſt came to this cottage, I was quite happy, ſupported by hope; but when every ſcheme I formed, was fruſtrated—when I believed the deſtiny of my Joſephine—nay, even her very exiſtence would be for ever unknown to me, dark fears took poſ- ſeſſion of my ſick heart—my faith in your love was ſtaggered. But in thoſe moments of frenzy I drew your picture from my boſom; I preſſed it to my heart, to my lips; I gazed on its ſweet ſmile, and it re- lieved me. But if this did not ſucceed, I poſſeſſed a charm—an eternal charm: it was your letter ſteeped in the tears of love. Theſe tears touched me more than volumes of proteſtations even from your lips. Oh! it is my deareſt treaſure!—it remains, and ſhall ever, on my heart!

"I have been ill, very ill; weeks paſſed away, and I was unconſcious of every thing

around me: yet this treaſure never could eſcape me, and I am convinced the contemplation of it reſtored me to reaſon. Yet why do I continue to repeat to you the feelings of a heart, of which you can ſo well judge? Do I not know each moment I continue writing, ſo many do I deprive myſelf of the happineſs that will be mine, when I once more preſs your writing to my heart?——Ludoff, how I envy you! But I will ſay no more. God bleſs you, my Joſephine!—God bleſs you!

"AUGUSTUS ALZENDORF."

Joſephine read this letter, and it conveyed to her boſom an equal portion of pleaſure and of pain; ſhe felt the ſweet delight at ſtill being remembered with a love

love that, ſo far from being diminiſhed, ſeemed, if poſſible, augmented. But ſhe likewiſe experienced a grief—a grief that touched her deeply, when ſhe ſaw the deſpondency that ſeemed to have taken poſſeſſion of him. He never once even hinted at a hope he had of ever again beholding her. Thus did he ſeem to give up all hopes of any union, but that eternal one beyond the grave.

This reflection involved her in a deſpondency as deep as his own; yet in the letter ſhe wrote him, ſhe ſpoke to him of nothing but hope; but it was a hope which ſhe, alas! did not feel. She told him, ſince ſo long a time had elapſed, and ſhe had heard nothing of the Prince, ſhe believed he had entirely given up his purſuit; that in a little time ſhe hoped all would be buried in oblivion; and that, freed from perſecution,

persecution, happiness might again smile upon them. She mentioned his sister to him—told him of their vicinage, of the mutual esteem they seemed to have imbibed for each other—spoke of her father so kind and indulgent, and the happiness she enjoyed in the society of Olivia; but chiefly she spoke of Angelica—of the strong resemblance she bore him, rightly judging he would be well pleased to know that, even in her friendship, his image was present to her.

Love is eloquent. She wrote on, yet still she had something more to add; and even after she had closed the packet, and the hour had arrived that she knew Ludoff would be in waiting, she still remembered something she had omitted; a few more lines she must add, and entreated Olivia to go by herself to meet him, and detain him till

till ſhe had concluded. But again loſt in the ſweet pleaſure of addreſſing her beloved Alzendorf, ſhe had greatly outſtaid the five minutes in which ſhe promiſed to follow. Olivia, meantime, had found Ludoff, punctual to his appointment, waiting for them on the graſs walk. She made known to him her miſſion. Engaged in converſation, Ludoff repeated the difficulties he had encountered in his journey; long had been his ſearch in theſe immenſe wilds for the Abbey of St. Ulric.—"Nor do I think I ever ſhould have diſcovered it, had I not by accident addreſſed a young man, from whom I acquired all the information I wiſhed; he even offered me a night's repoſe at his cottage, repreſenting the impoſſibility of my reaching the Abbey that night."

From the ſurpriſe Ludoff expreſſed at the nobleneſs of his perſon, and his graceful

manners, Olivia was aſſured his abode was no other than the cottage of Charles St. Alvan.

They were ſpeaking with earneſt emo-tion on this extraordinary young man, when they were alarmed by the ſudden appearance of the Baron. There was no poſſibility of eſcaping unſeen, and no time to form a ſcheme of any kind, when he haſtily ap-proached, ſurveying Ludoff with looks of anger and ſurpriſe. Olivia, collecting all her preſence of mind, calmly continued the converſation, ſaying—“ We will certainly go on Thurſday ; but there is no moon to return by.” And as if at that inſtant ſhe firſt beheld the Baron, ſaid—

“ Dear Sir, Angelica is quite uneaſy at our long abſence.”

“ And who is this,” demanded the doubting

doubting Baron, " she sends at such strange hours with her messages?"

" My name is St. Alvan. I was desired by Lady Angelica, as I passed the Abbey, to leave a message she had charged me with to Mademoiselle Losenstein; but meeting Mademoiselle Weimer, I delivered it to her."

The Baron suspected something, though he hardly knew what; and turning therefore hastily towards Olivia, took her hand, saying—

" As you have by this time learned the important message that was thus secretly to be delivered, you may now attend me in."

And taking no further notice of Ludoff than a second scrutinizing survey, he led her from the terrace.

Olivia had been overwhelmed with terror, expecting every instant Josephine would

would appear with the packet, and thus inevitably betray all. She felt a great relief when ſhe found herſelf once more within the houſe. The Baron had aſked her no further queſtions, but looked diſſatisfied. She ſoon found an opportunity of ſlipping to Joſephine, whom ſhe found but juſt re-ſealing her letter.

"Olivia repeated what had paſſed, which greatly alarmed her. She trembled leſt the letter he ſo much deſired to ſee, ſhould never convey its conſolation to her beloved Alzendorf. They concerted whoſe abſence would be leaſt ſuſpected;—at length they agreed that Olivia ſhould again deſcend to the Baron, and endeavour to hold him in converſation whilſt Joſephine went in ſearch of Ludoff, who they doubted not was ſtill waiting in ſome part of the grounds.

Joſephine happily ſucceeded, finding

Ludoff

Ludoff not far from the ſpot where Olivia had left him.

Joſephine thanked him, with the moſt affecting expreſſion, for the trouble he had experienced in his perilous undertaking. He replied, and replied truly, that the feelings he ſhould experience when he put that packet into the hands of his unfortunate friend, would amply compenſate him. This ſentiment but the more endeared him to the heart of Joſephine; and they parted, deeply impreſſed in each other's favour. She felt little inclination to undergo the ſcrutinizing glances of her father; but knowing how improper it would be to give any further cauſe of ſuſpicion, ſhe haſtened her return, and joined them in the ſupper room. He appeared, as Olivia ſaid, diſſatisfied; he ſpoke little; till, ſuddenly addreſſing his daughter, he demanded of her if ſhe had received

received the meſſage of Lady Angelica, and who might be her meſſenger.—"He ſeemed, by the ſeriouſneſs of his diſcourſe, a friend of your's, Olivia?"

Joſephine replied, according to their plan, by informing him of ſome particulars of the perſon whoſe name he had aſſumed.

"You tell me," ſaid the Baron, "he reſides at a cottage not far from Sarsfield, on a penſion from the Counteſs, and that he is the foſter brother of your friend. Is it not rather dangerous for one ſo young as Lady Angelica, to have ſuch a confidant for her ſecret meſſages?"

They both perceived they had not at all ſucceeded in deceiving him; he ſeemed ſtrongly to ſuſpect them.

"I ſhall enquire after this Charles St. Alvan. If you have deceived me, Joſephine," ſaid he, and turned a ſteady gaze

on

on his daughter, " there is little doubt but you will bitterly repent. Be aſſured the Prince has ſtill a ſecret watch over your conduct. I have of late formed the happieſt prognoſtics, from your apparently calm and even contented ſpirits. This he knows, and feels aſſured that you do not regard him with that reluctance you have done. But not till you have, by the propriety of your behaviour, baniſhed from his mind all remembrance of your former miſconduct, and till you yourſelf yield an heartfelt conſent to his offers, will he renew them. Then do not, my Joſephine, by any indiſcreet act, deſtroy thoſe intentions he meditates. I have ſupported my misfortunes hitherto with cheerfulneſs; but there is a wide difference when ſuſtained by hope, as I have been—and when I ſhall perceive

a beloved

a beloved daughter, by her own miſconduct, involving herſelf in ruin, doomed, in the pride of her youth, to live eſtranged from a world ſhe was formed to adorn! And ſhall my child, whom I had hoped to be my comfort, ſhall ſhe become the ſource of all my ſorrows?—Joſephine, you are affected by the picture I draw,"—(for ſhe was in tears.) —" Be comforted then, and contemplate the reverſe. The Prince, moved by your ready compliance, conſents to forget all inſtantly we return from this baniſhment. Of a rank moſt exalted, you will be admired, courted, followed; and I ſhall behold my daughter, my ornament, my glory! I ſhall be the envy of fathers!"

He ceaſed ſpeaking. Alluring, indeed, was the picture the Baron had concluded with portraying, but it was only that which

reſpected

respected himself, that touched her. To give happiness to her father, could any thing be too great a sacrifice?

Filled with this idea, she asked her father how she should be assured, supposing she consented to the sacrifice, that the Prince would accept so backward a compliance.

"This will be a sufficient security," said the Baron, giving her a letter with a delighted smile, to think how much he had gained on the hitherto inflexible bosom of his daughter. "Read it, Josephine, and consider well its contents, for all our sakes."

Saying which, he withdrew for the night, leaving his daughter overcome with a variety of emotions. Surprise was not among the least. She had formed an opinion, which hope had nursed, that the Prince no longer remembered her; it was so

ſo inconſiſtent with her idea of love, to treat the object beloved with the rigour ſhe had been treated with. She could not poſſibly imagine it had longer an exiſtence in the boſom of the Prince; and ſhe was now informed that he not only felt towards her the ſame affection he had ever done, but that he ſtill hoped and expected her ultimate conſent; and there was no doubt her father encouraged theſe hopes. This ſhe felt as her greateſt grief; for the cheerfulneſs which had made her ſo happy, he had confeſſed owed its birth to thoſe hopes which ſhe ſurveyed the completion of, if poſſible, with greater horror than ever. She looked on the letter ſhe held in her hand;—it was couched in a ſtyle at once of love and haughtineſs; but love ſhe beheld every where predominant. With what honours did he not promiſe to load her father, when he

ſhould

ſhould give the bliſsful intelligence of her conſent, of which he did not ſeem doubtful, or even think at a diſtant period. He mentioned, in ſeveral places, other letters he had written, which reminded Joſephine of the ſuſpicions ſhe had conceived, upon perceiving her father's extreme good ſpirits, when they firſt arrived at St. Ulric. She now ſaw all her trials about to be renewed, yet ſhe rejoiced ſhe had been enabled, without a breach of veracity, to ſend accounts of ſo much conſolation to Alzendorf.

Olivia perſuaded her, as much as poſſible, to do away her father's ſuſpicions, as it ſeemed it was his fear urged him to be ſo precipitate in his meaſures. If this could be cleared up to his ſatisfaction, Olivia ſaid ſhe foreſaw a temporary calm at leaſt.

Agreeable to this advice, they determined the next day to call on Angelica, and make

her acquainted with the whole affair, that ſhe might not, by her ignorance, completely betray them.

CHAP. VI.

Farewell the youth, whom ſighs could not detain,
Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain!
Yet as thou go'ſt, may every blaſt ariſe
Weak and unfelt as theſe rejected ſighs!

COLLINS.

EARLY on the following morning they accordingly ſet forward to Sarsfield. As ſoon as Angelica was informed of their arrival, ſhe flew with the utmoſt eagerneſs to meet them. The inſtant they beheld her, they perceived ſhe alſo had her ſorrows to communicate. Her eyes were ſwelled

with weeping; and, throwing herſelf into Joſephine's arms, ſhe burſt into a freſh flood of grief.

"Ah, my friends!" ſhe exclaimed, in a broken voice, "he is gone! he is gone! and I ſhall never ſee him more!"

They eaſily conjectured whoſe departure it was that had thus involved her in affliction. They were ſome time before they could ſooth her into compoſure enough to repeat to them the particulars, or why he had ſo haſtily quitted her.

"It was this morning he went. It is not three hours ſince I received this billet, informing me of his departure, and the cauſe of it. If he had ſtaid but one day longer, all would have been right. I had prepared a letter I had intended to have conveyed to him; but perhaps that might have had no effect: that, too, might have militated againſt his honour, to which every feeling muſt fall a

 ſacrifice.

ſacrifice. You know the ſtruggles of my mind," ſaid ſhe. "From my letters, you learned I had engaged in a taſk too much for my weak heart. I could not reſolve, by my own act, to ſend him from me, perhaps for ever. Your note, ſo different from what I had reaſon to expect, confirmed me in my reſolve. Never had the idea entered my imagination that he would go, unleſs by my means. Judge, then, my ſorrow, my amazement, when I perceived him a few evenings ago in cloſe converſation with a man in a habit I had begun to dread! How much more reaſon ſhall I have now for my hatred!

"He was, as I ſaid, in earneſt converſation. I watched them, and ſhortly the ſoldier left him; and almoſt inſtantly Charles perceived, and joined me. It was at that moment the deſign he has now put in practice, firſt preſented itſelf. How did

it

it alarm me! I hardly know what I uttered. Perhaps I ſaid too much, from the effect it produced on him.

'Angelica,' ſaid he, 'your goodneſs will deſtroy me! I ſhall render myſelf and my preſumption hateful in your eyes! Yet can I bear to be accuſed of unfeeling ingratitude!'

'You owe me no gratitude,' ſaid I, interrupting him, ever remembering the complaints of thoſe ſonnets which had deſtroyed ſo cruelly the viſionary hopes I had indulged. It is I who have occaſioned all your ſorrows. How then can you feel gratitude to me? And that you do feel it, you evince, by thus cruelly afflicting me!'

"He looked ſtrangely, and there was a pauſe of a few minutes. At length he ſaid, in a ſolemn voice—

'Am I not going to be baniſhed for ever from your preſence? Can there exiſt then longer, a cauſe why I ſhould conceal from

you my ſecret feelings? No, my whole heart ſhall be opened to you; I will confeſs to you its weakneſs, its crimes; and you, angel as you are, will pity them! Yet, Oh my God! how ſhall I dare to name it to you!—to you who have no idea of my preſumption!'

" As he ſaid this, he threw himſelf on the graſs before me, hiding his face in my robe. Ah! how my heart began to palpitate!—'Yet can it be a crime?' he continued. 'Hope only can conſtitute the offence; and Heaven is my witneſs, never did I allow myſelf to indulge it! No, Angelica, never for an inſtant have I forgot the diſtance that ſeparates us!'

'Ah, Charles!' ſaid I, unable to believe what he ſaid, 'do not talk ſo wildly!'

'It is indeed wildly,' ſaid he, riſing, and ſpeaking with precipitation. 'I have at length

length committed that error I have ſo often ſworn not to commit—that I was even flying to avoid!—But pardon me, Angelica—I was frantic!'

"And catching me for a moment to his heart, he fled from me with the utmoſt rapidity.

"Left to my own reflections, my ideas were for a few moments incapable of collection. As ſoon as I had a little recovered, I repeated to myſelf every word of the laſt ſcene. There was but one concluſion to be drawn, and that was too welcome to my heart to be rejected; and all laſt night I paſſed in reflection how I could beſt let him know my intention, which indeed had long been formed, that we would mutually engage ourſelves to each other, and wait till I became of age, to poſſeſs my fortune.—You muſt not blame me, my dear friends; conſider only my ſituation. I dreaded even that

 would

would not prevent him from quitting Sarsfeld; for I do not believe he would consent to our union without the sanction of my friends; and that of the Countess, I am well assured, I never shall obtain. The dear and generous Augustus—no sooner would he learn his merits, than he would become his friend; but my refined and sensate Charles would think I should be degraded in the eyes of the world, even had he received the letter I this morning penned for him. Yet still I had wept his absence.

"Read the contents of this epistle," continued Angelica, holding out to them Charles's parting letter, "and you will think of him as I do."

It was indeed fraught with every noble sentiment that could do honour to his heart. His pathetic eloquence failed not of its effect on her friends, and they both confessed that a more disinterested or noble

passion

paſſion never did exiſt; nor could they either one blame the reſolution which Angelica at that moment formed—that, if not permitted to be the wife of Charles St. Alvan, no other ſhould poſſeſs her hand! He had ſaid in his letter, that the friend he had ſo fortunately procured, and with whom he had that morning quitted Sarsfield, had it no leſs in his power than his will, to ſerve him in the profeſſion he had choſen.

Who was this friend, was perfectly enigmatical to Angelica; but ſhe was ſoon relieved from this perplexity by the information her friends were enabled to give her. She was already acquainted with every thing relative to her brother and Joſephine. There was then little to be elucidated; and how rejoiced was ſhe when ſhe found his friend and patron was the choſen friend of her brother: and when they left her, ſo much had this intelligence revived her, that the

ſmile of hope dimpled her pale cheek. They were themſelves far from regretting St. Alvan's departure, convinced it was not in the quiet vale of Sarsfield he would arrive at thoſe honours which might perhaps, in the Counteſs's opinion, compenſate in ſome degree for his want of birth.

They had not failed to mention to Angelica the enquiries which the Baron was about to ſet on foot; and as Charles was really gone, nothing was more eaſy than to perſuade him it was actually he whom he ſaw; and the account being afterwards corroborated by the Counteſs, who ſhewed the Baron his parting letter to her, filled with the moſt grateful thanks:—ſhe ſpoke of him as an extraordinary young man, in whoſe intereſt ſhe took great concern, though ſhe would have left him to ſleep out his exiſt-ence in the cottage in which he was born, with all imaginable indifference.

The

The Baron, as Olivia predicted, thus again reaſſured, ſaid nothing further of the Prince's letter; yet Joſephine dreaded it would be but a ſhort calm, as never, ſurely, would her father be content to paſs the winter, which would now ſoon approach, in that dreary ſolitude.

The Baron had made an engagement for ſome time with the Prieſts reſiding at Sarsfield, to fiſh in the adjacent lake:—they were to return to St. Ulric in the evening, by following the courſe of the river. Joſephine and her friend were likewiſe that day to viſit Angelica, as they knew how welcome and conſoling ſuch a viſit would be.

They accordingly departed, aſſuring the Baron they ſhould return in the evening, time enough to welcome him.

Angelica was delighted to ſee them; for, deprived of her beloved companion,

time hung heavily on her hands. Drawing had, indeed, a little amufed her: fhe had again, at leaft for the twentieth time, taken a fketch of the cottage; and fhe had done a portrait of Charles, habited in the Huffar drefs Ludoff had worn when fhe faw him. She told them that every pleafure fhe now enjoyed, was, morning and evening, to go and fit with Dame Wetzler, and hear her talk of her dear boy, as fhe called St. Alvan, and hear her bewail his departure, though he had promifed more amply to fupport her than he could, had he ftaid.

"This old woman's fimple expreffion of grief feems to footh me," continued Angelica; "and, befides, every thing around me feems to remind me fo ftrongly of him. I fee every where his drawing; I occupy the feat that was his; I read the books that he has read fo fhort a time fince; and when I drink

drink tea with her, I am indulged with his cup. I know all this is very foolifh; but to you only, Olivia, I will make an apology," faid fhe, with a fmile.—" Jofephine feels with me. But that which, above all, has been a confolation to me," fhe continued, " is a number of fonnets written at different periods: they breathe a fpirit of the pureft love. They are addreffed to Angelica. Judge then, if they do not appear to me the brighteft irradiations of human genius. In my mufic-room I have furrounded myfelf with his drawings, his books, and his papers; nothing I find of his, but ferves to remind me of his love. In his books there is nothing ftriking and defcriptive of his paffion, but he has marked; ftill is he addreffing the object of his fecret vows in fome beautiful and pathetic apoftrophe.

" I think,"

"I think," ſaid ſhe, as ſhe diſplayed to them her half-length of him in the Huſſar uniform, "this is not an unjuſt reſemblance. I think there is ſomething, though but faint, of the divine expreſſion of his ſmile. Impreſſed with melancholy, he ſmiles but ſeldom; but the expreſſion of that ſmile is never, never to be forgotten!—his whole ſoul ſpeaks in it! Oh, if you could but witneſs the graceful impreſſiveneſs of his manner!—look on his eyes, that ever ſpeak the feelings of his heart! There is about him a languid melancholy too touching to be deſcribed!"

She had in truth well portrayed his noble and intereſting countenance.

As evening cloſed in, they returned, promiſing ſhortly to repeat their viſit. It was a fine and ſtill night; not a breeze diſ-

turbed

turbed the tranquillity of the hours; its extreme ſtillneſs was broken only by the rippling of the diſtant lake.

Joſephine rejoiced when ſhe thought of her father's little voyage. She reminded Olivia of it, and they both wiſhed they had conſented to be partakers of it. They had been prevented only by Olivia's fears, as the paſſing up the river near St. Ulric was not deemed ſo ſafe as nearer Sarsfield, from the number of rocks that impeded its courſe. But there was a deep channel in the middle; and whilſt the wind continued ſtill, there was not the leaſt danger.

The Baron had agreed he would return about nine; they therefore, on arriving at the Abbey, expected he was already there. They waited ſome conſiderable time at the gates; for the continued knocking and ringing of their attendants had brought no one

one to admit them. Surprifed, they defcended from the carriage, and walked forwards, whilft Jofephine defired one of them to proceed to the hall, and learn the caufe of this ftrange confufion; for they could fee lights move at a diftance, though no one advanced towards them.

Jofephine felt alarmed beyond meafure when the fervant returned with a terrified countenance, declaring he could fee no one—that every part of the houfe he had paffed, appeared deferted by its inhabitants. The fervants continued rather to fly from, than approach them. They paffed by the glafs door that opened on the lawn into the ufual fitting-room, yet no perfon appeared.

Terrified, they knew not what to imagine. Olivia determined, if poffible, to enquire of fome of the flying domeftics. Thus left to herfelf, Jofephine leaned againft

the

the door for ſupport, almoſt ſinking with terror. She ſaw one of the ſervants that had attended her to Sarsfield: he, too, now looked as frightened as the reſt.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed ſhe, in an agitated voice. "For God's ſake, explain to me what is the matter?"

"I hardly know myſelf," anſwered the lad, "but I believe it is ſomething about my Lord."

No ſooner had Joſephine received this intelligence, than, forgetting her weakneſs, ſhe ſprang wildly by him, bending her courſe towards the river; and too ſoon was ſhe fatally convinced of the truth of what ſhe had heard, by beholding a number of people approaching with lights, and bearing between them the body of the lifeleſs Baron.

Joſephine ſhrieked frantically; and ruſhing forward, claſped her arms round him: but

but her ſenſations, too powerful for endurance, totally overcame her, and ſhe ſunk into inſenſibility, and in that ſtate was carried home, to all appearance lifeleſs as her father.

The unfortunate Baron had, on the concluſion of the day's entertainment, invited the companions of it to return with him to St. Ulric by water. They were attended by the old boatman from the Caſtle, who was ſuppoſed to be perfectly acquainted with the navigation of the river. There was then nothing to fear:—the current carried them rapidly along; and they reſted from the fatigues of the oar, delighted with the ſtill beauty of the evening. They were gazing on the beautiful ſcenery around them with the moſt perfect unconcern, when the boat ſuddenly received a ſhock, by ſtriking on a hidden point of rock. It

inſtantly

inſtantly overſet; yet was there little danger ſo near the ſhore, and ſo cloſe to the rocks as they were.—Soon aſſembling on the beach, they had begun to congratulate themſelves on their eſcape, when they perceived the Baron was miſſing. They returned inſtantly to the ſpot. A conſiderable time had elapſed before the body could be diſcovered. It was conjectured, when the boat overſet, he had been ſtruck by ſome part of the rock, and, ſtunned by the blow, had never riſen again!

Inſtant aſſiſtance was ſent for from the Abbey; for the unfortunate accident had taken place but a few paces from where they were about to land. He was immediately attended by his own ſurgeon, whom he had brought with him to St. Ulric. Every effort was made, every remedy applied for a length of time, but all proved fruitleſs.

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARAS

Poor

Poor Olivia !—what a ſituation was her's! Joſephine, the moment ſhe had beheld the corpſe of her father, had fallen from one fit into another. She it was impoſſible to conſult ; and the Baron's Confeſſor, his confidant and prime agent, to whom all in dreadful emergency turned their eyes—no ſooner was he perfectly convinced the Baron was dead, than he haſtened to the ſtable, had taken horſe, and was gone, no one could conjecture whither.

Thus every thing had fallen on Olivia. She would have ſent intelligence of this ſhocking cataſtrophe to the Caſtle of Sarsfield, but that ſhe knew would be of little benefit. She determined inſtantly to ſend an expreſs to her father ; but ſhe knew no friend of the Baron's, to whom the intelligence ought to be conveyed. But what was ſtill a greater cauſe of uneaſineſs to Olivia,

ſhe

ſhe knew that, for ſeven days at leaſt, no one would be enabled to reach St. Ulric. The Prieſts perſuaded her it would be the moſt adviſable to have the body removed to the Chapel of their community. Olivia thought it would be the beſt method ſhe could purſue, as it would prevent Joſephine again beholding the heart-rending ſpectacle of the lifeleſs corpſe of her father.

Angelica had with ſo many tears entreated her aunt's permiſſion to go to the Abbey, ſhe could not deny her. Olivia had therefore the benefit of her aſſiſtance, in her conſtant attendance on Joſephine; who, on recovery from her fits, had remained in a ſtate of the moſt extreme weakneſs. Her father had now been dead three days; when, as if conjecturing they meant to have him conveyed away, ſhe earneſtly requeſted ſhe might be permitted to ſee him. How did Olivia

Olivia regret the removal had not taken place ſooner, as ſhe thus formed all her ſchemes to preſerve Joſephine from ſuch a trial, abortive! But Olivia was deceived; ſhe knew not the feelings of Joſephine, and that to have deprived her of this laſt ſad conſolation, would moſt ſeverely have added to her afflictions. In a ſhort time they believed her much better, as ſhe had become more compoſed; but her's was a grief that dwelt within: ſilent and dejected, ſhe wiſhed ever to be alone. In this they indulged her, hoping that in a little time ſhe would of herſelf ſeek their ſociety.

Autumn was now giving place to winter; yet would ſhe continue to ramble in the woods till late at night, unmindful of every evil to which ſhe was expoſed. The ſeventh day ſince the Baron's death had elapſed; yet no perſon, nor even a meſſenger, had arrived at St. Ulric.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

There oft is found an avarice in grief;
And the wan eye of ſorrow loves to gaze
Upon its ſecret hoard of treaſur'd woes
In pining ſolitude.

MASON.

TOWARDS evening, Joſephine, as ſhe had done for the laſt three nights, ſtrolled out, as if to indulge with more acuteneſs her mournful reveries. She wandered towards the rocks that margined the lake and rivers. She caſt her eyes around—all was

deſolate

desolate and dreary; Nature itself seemed in sad unison with the feelings of her soul. The wind groaned amid the high trees; the moonbeams trembled on the dark waves below; the utmost points of the rock caught the faint light, but all beyond was gloomy obscurity. She rested pensively some minutes, watching the fantastic shape they seemed to assume: as the swift clouds passed over the moon, they were now visible, now lost. Her mind seemed to catch a wildness from the scene. The moon again divulged; and at that moment, the faint light presenting a figure near her, she wildly apostrophized it, believing it the spirit of her father; but a voice—a voice whose impassioned tones not even the dire misery she was now involved in, could make her heart insensible to, recalled her from her momentary delirium; but it reduced her in

the

the next inſtant to a ſtate of inſen-ſibility.

Alzendorf, for it was he that caught her from the earth, exclaimed, as he preſſed her in his arms—"I have then again found my Joſephine! But her ſilence and deathlike coldneſs alarmed him, for he knew not at firſt ſhe had fainted.

"Joſephine, beloved Joſephine!" he wildly exclaimed, "ſpeak!—do not kill me by this horrible ſilence!"

His exclamation, his cries ſeemed to arouſe her. She ſlowly uncloſed her eyes, gazing on him earneſtly.

"It is then no viſion!" ſaid ſhe. "You are indeed Alzendorf!"

A rapturous ſenſation thrilled his heart as he heard her thus ſpeak.

"It is indeed your Alzendorf returned to

to you, to receive a ratification of your vows, a ratification of my vows!"

"And at this moment!" ſaid Joſephine, with an involuntary ſhudder, and turning from him.

"Alas! Joſephine, do not ſpeak thus reproachfully! I know it is no ſeaſon to ſpeak of love, and yet a moment's ſilence may deſtroy me. The Prince is perhaps already but a few miles off; he comes empowered by the Duke, to take you from hence. That Prieſt whom you undoubtedly miſſed, arrived late on the third evening, and was the firſt to impart to the Prince the mournful intelligence. Immediately it was determined the Prince ſhould ſet out early on the morrow, with a proper eſcort; but whither to convey you, I know not. No ſooner did Ludoff learn the Prieſt's buſineſs, than

than he ſent to me, aſſuring me of the little time I had to loſe; and from that moment I never reſted. Yet is there not an inſtant to be loſt. Conſent, then, my beloved, my adored Joſephine—as you love me, as you value my exiſtence, conſent to make yourſelf irrevocably mine! Ah, do not become willingly his priſoner!"

Joſephine ſighed deeply, in reflecting that now ſhe had loſt her only protector—that an helpleſs orphan, ſhe ſhould be more in his power than ever.

Alzendorf eaſily perceived what were the thoughts that thus agitated her boſom; and though he foreſaw his advantage, yet he could not cruelly inſiſt on her recent loſs as an argument in his favour. Yet her heſitation was death to him; every moment he dreaded the Prince might arrive.

 "Joſephine,"

"Josephine," he exclaimed, in a tone of the bitterest anguish, "if my peace is dear to you, listen to me! If I quit you this night, you will be lost to me for ever! If there is a Priest near, let him unite us; if not, we will instantly fly—we shall soon be beyond the frontier! Oh Josephine! I feel, if I part with you now, I shall lose you for ever! Oh my beloved! will you willingly throw yourself in the Prince's power? Oh Josephine! reflect but for a few moments, and save me from distraction!"

To be once more in the Prince's power, the idea was terrific; and though a few moments before, Josephine thought herself regardless of whatever her wayward fate might have reserved for her, she found this indifference to the future, sink before the dreaded

dreaded idea of falling into the hands of the Prince; and, not unmoved by the agony of Alzendorf, ſhe at length ſaid—

"Protect me from that evil, and I will accede to every wiſh; but do not inſult my father's memory, by telling me I have made you happy," ſeeing him about to throw himſelf on his knees to thank her; "for I am miſerable!"

Alzendorf, in compliance with this injunction, and his own ſenſe of right, ſtifled his tranſports, and hid his joy deep in his boſom; but indeed it knew another yet more conſiderable check, in his fear of the Prince's arrival. He therefore haſtened her return to the Abbey, having learned from her that a Prieſt was actually now there.

They had not proceeded far, before they perceived Olivia and Angelica advancing

towards them. This in ſome degree recovered Joſephine.

"That lady is your ſiſter, Alzendorf. She it is from whom you were ſo long ſince ſeparated."

Great was their ſurpriſe at beholding Joſephine thus accompanied. Angelica's aſtoniſhment was yet more heightened when this ſtranger claſped her in his arms; but his voice ſoon recalled her brother Auguſtus to her recollection, and ſhe returned his embraces with fervency. They were ſoon made acquainted with the arrangements that had ſo ſpeedily been made. Olivia flew in ſearch of the Prieſt, promiſing to make him willingly accede to the ſcheme, though of his compliance they had little to fear; and if he felt any ſcruples, Alzendorf had been too long an inhabitant of a Court, not to know

know how to ſilence them. They entered the houſe; but the Prieſt made not his appearance. This delay appeared to the impatient ſpirit of Alzendorf that of an age.

Olivia ſoon returned, and aſſured him the Prieſt would be with them immediately. "He was a little ſurpriſed," ſaid ſhe, "at my extraordinary requeſt, and at ſuch an hour; but I told him that unavoidable circumſtances demanded it. When I told him you was nephew to Counteſs Sarsfield, all his ſcruples, if he had any, vaniſhed."

Alzendorf walked the room in an agony of impatience till the Prieſt entered; when a freſh delay aroſe, who was to officiate as father: nor had they a ring. But theſe difficulties were ſoon obviated;—the wedding ring of her mother, which Angelica, out of reſpect to her memory, wore faſtened round her neck, ſerved for the latter.—"For in

what better manner," thought ſhe, "can I diſpoſe of it, than in thus ſecuring the happineſs of a beloved brother!"

All theſe arrangements had been made by her and Olivia; for Alzendorf, agitated, diſtracted by apprehenſion, was rendered incapable of acting, and urged nothing but diſpatch. He ſaw, he heard nothing but the Prince. A heavy dread hung on his ſpirits; and his eyes, that ſhould have beamed with a thouſand melting tenderneſſes, betrayed only a fearful wildneſs. Joſephine, pale, trembling, motionleſs, bathed in tears—how little did ſhe appear as if about to be united to the object of her tendereſt love, to her ſo long-loved Alzendorf.

There was a chapel adjoining the Abbey, that had, ſince their reſidence at St. Ulric, been again uſed as a place of worſhip. It

was

was there Joſephine wiſhed the ceremony to be performed, rather than the apartment they were in. Though Alzendorf's heart ſickened at theſe repeated delays, yet he would not object; and ſupporting the ſinking Joſephine, though tremulous himſelf with emotion, thither they repaired. His ſervant, who had been called as an additional witneſs, carried a light; but its dim rays could but partially diſperſe the deep gloom of the high-arched building. Joſephine ſhuddered with horror as ſhe looked on the tombs of her anceſtors, and reflected on the "freſh earth" of her father. She knelt at the ſteps of the altar, but it was with confuſed ideas. The ceremony had advanced;—ſhe was even called upon for her reſponſe, before this chaos of her mind had ſubſided, nor ſhe recollected ſhe was kneeling there, to give her ſolemn vows

to her beloved Alzendorf. He, too, ſeemed almoſt as much abſtracted, turning his eyes continually towards the entrance.

How ſlow did he think the Prieſt!—but when the irrevocable ſentence was paſſed, when the ring was placed on her finger, then his heart did indeed throb with unconſtrâined rapture; then did his eyes aſſume their fire, a vivacity ſo lately baniſhed from them; and he liſtened with delighted attention, to the concluſion of the ceremony.

The Prieſt ended—they aroſe. Alzendorf turned to embrace his wife, but he perceived her eyes were fixed on a monument bearing the name of Loſenſtein. Reſpecting her ſorrows, he reſtrained his joy—not a word of congratulation paſſed; they ſought only to remove her from a ſpot ſo calculated to wound her feelings. But when they had re-entered the apartment they had quitted,

no longer could he command his ſtrong emotion; but giving looſe to his whole ſoul, he claſped her in his arms, calling her his Joſephine, his wife. He had now no fear; ſhe was his, and no earthly power could ſeparate them.

At that inſtant a trampling of horſes, and loud knockings at the front entrance of the Abbey, informed them of ſome one's approach.

"It is the Prince!" exclaimed Alzendorf. "But, thanks to Heaven, I am now prepared for him; for not even his power can divide us!"

Joſephine felt no ſuch aſſurance; ſhe well knew thoſe they had to fear, would equally diſregard laws human and divine; and as the noiſe approached, in exceſs of fear ſhe ſunk into his arms. He endeavoured in vain to

reaſſure her; equal diſmay was painted on the countenances of her two friends. Such was the group that met the eyes of the Prince as he entered; and had hell itſelf opened before him, he could not have been more appalled, than in thus beholding Joſephine in the arms of Alzendorf, whom he believed far from them, ſafe in his power. He even pauſed a moment, as if uncertain of what he beheld. At length advancing, he ſaid, as his eyes gleamed with rage—

"I had come to condole with you, Mademoiſelle Loſenſtein; but I ſee you have no need of condolence!" looking ſarcaſtically at Alzendorf.—"And muſt I then be ſo cruel as to deprive you of this conſolation? But I am deputed by the Duke, my brother, whoſe charge you are now become, to convey you from this place. A ſpeedy

compliance is required of you.—For this gentleman," turning to the Count, "we may difpenfe with his attendance."

"Not fo fpeedily, Sir!" fiercely retorted Alzendorf. "This lady is now my wife, nor does fhe move but where it fuits my pleafure!"

A convulfive emotion feemed to agitate the Prince's frame as he heard thefe words. The glow of indignation gave place to a deathlike palenefs; but recovering himfelf in a few moments, he exclaimed haughtily—

"Your pleafure!—do you remember who you are?—A prifoner!—Seize him!" cried he, turning to the attendants that had entered with him, "I command you, in the name of the Duke, feize on that man!—he is an efcaped prifoner!"

They inftantly prepared to obey by endeavouring to force Jofephine away, who,

fince

ſince the Prince's entrance, had uttered nothing, laying almoſt inſenſible on Alzendorf's boſom. Theſe horrible words had reached her ears, and they ſeemed to animate her with new life.

"He is my huſband!" ſhe exclaimed, "and you ſhall not force me from him! If he is a priſoner, I alſo will be one!"

She reſiſted all their efforts to draw her from him; but the Prince, rendered yet more infuriate by this tenderneſs, was regardleſs of what ſhe uttered, and ſternly commanded them to obey him. At that moment Joſephine fainted in the arms of Alzendorf. What torturing emotions wrung his heart as he thus beheld himſelf in the toils of his enemies, without means of eſcape!—his bride, his Joſephine about to be torn from him, of whom, a moment before, he had felt ſo ſecure. But he knew himſelf

himself in the power of his enemy, and saw it useless to contend.

"You have no need of this violence," said he; "I acknowledge myself your prisoner. Let me but witness the revival of this suffering angel—let me but receive from her a last adieu, and I will go!"

But this parting interview the Prince was, of all things, the most desirous to avoid; he therefore commanded him instantly to be removed to one of the carriages in waiting. Olivia had flown to succour the fainting Josephine, nor did Angelica longer remain motionless; but clasping her brother in her arms, she said—

"Be comforted, my Augustus! Josephine is your wife—they cannot now divide you!"

"My Angelica," said he, "comfort

Josephine!

Joſephine! Tell her we have laws;—weak and defective as they are, they can ſurely protect us from tyranny groſs as this! Tell her our enemies, bold as they are, dare not draw upon themſelves the vengeance of the Church! Tell her it is but for a ſhort time we are ſeparated!"

Supported by a ſtrong ſpirit, he had ſpoken hitherto calmly; but at that moment, perceiving the Prince approach the lifeleſs Joſephine, as if to ſupport her, and reflecting he was about to leave her defenceleſs in his power, with no other aſſurance than his own words, that he was to convey her to the Duke, he ſprang from the men that held him, fiercely exclaiming, as he graſped the arm of the Prince—

"Villain, if you touch her, it ſhall be your deſtruction! I repeat again, ſhe is my wife!

wife! If I am a priſoner, I may place her under the protection of my friends; the Duke can now have no power over her!"

The Prince ſeemed unheedful of what he uttered, but once more commanded that he might be obeyed; and in ſuch a tone, that his attendants dared no longer heſitate.

With the frenzy of deſperation, Alzendorf endeavoured to free himſelf from their graſp. He ſtruggled with a force almoſt ſuperhuman; till at length, overpowered by ſuperior ſtrength, he ſunk exhauſted. The Prince, meantime, had ordered Joſephine, who was recovering, into an adjoining apartment, willing to ſave another parting; but Angelica would not quit her brother; ſhe ſtill hung round him, ſhedding tears, and execrating the cruelty of the Prince. Alzendorf heard her not—all ſenſe had forſaken him; and in that ſtate of inſenſibility he

was

was removed to the carriage that was to convey him to S——.

The servants of St. Ulric were assembled; but it was only fearfully to survey these proceedings, too much intimidated to give them any interruption. The Prince, having questioned them, and learned that a Priest had actually quitted the Abbey but a few minutes before his arrival, passed into a chamber in great perturbation, traversing the room with hasty and disordered steps alone for near two hours. He sent to enquire the situation of Josephine; and hearing she had recovered from the succession of fainting fits into which she had been thrown, and was now better, he ordered that every thing might be prepared for their quitting St. Ulric by daybreak; and in a few minutes after, requested to be admitted to see her. Josephine had no power to refuse; he

accordingly

accordingly entered. At the approach of the Prince, ſhe had nearly relapſed; but a flood of tears relieved her, and ſhe leaned her head on the boſom of Angelica, to avoid the ſight of him.

Heſitating, and confuſed, he ſeemed almoſt in doubt what to utter. At length he ſaid it was his intention to have left St. Ulric that night; but as they were about to undertake a long journey, reſt might be neceſſary: therefore he ſhould defer his departure till morning.

He pauſed, but Joſephine replied not; ſhe only wept more abundantly;—her tears ſeemed reproaches he could not bear.

"Joſephine," ſaid he, "I have given you pain; but it was in the performance of my duty—it was in obedience to the commands of the Duke."

She

She raiſed her head at theſe words; and looking ſteadily on him, replied—

"The Duke wiſhed me to be removed to him, becauſe he believed me friendleſs and unprotected!—He never commanded I ſhould be torn from the arms of my huſband; he knew not I was the wife of Count Alzendorf!"

"Nor are you," returned the Prince. "Joſephine, Count Alzendorf is not your huſband! The childiſh ceremony juſt performed, gives him no right to that title;—it was a mere farce, a repetition of words without the proper forms, and binding on neither ſide, which Count Alzendorf muſt have known:—but it was the only method left him; for in believing yourſelf his wife, you would have followed him into the exile he muſt have baniſhed himſelf to. I repeat this to you, Joſephine, that you may not deceive

deceive yourſelf. That ceremony, invalid in every part, has not made Count Alzendorf your huſband."

"No, I will not deceive myſelf!" emphatically pronounced Joſephine. And again ſhe hid her face, bedewed with tears, on the boſom of her friend.

The Prince ſaw ſhe was much agitated, and deferred what he had further meant to ſay, till a more proper ſeaſon; and, changing the diſcourſe, ſaid—

"Mademoiſelle Weimer may, if you wiſh it, be the companion of your journey; for believe me, Joſephine, in every thing I would be guided by your wiſhes."

As he ſaid this in a tone of tenderneſs, he took her hand; but, abhorrent of his touch, ſhe haſtily withdrew it. This action in ſome degree recalled the haughty expreſſion of his countenance; but checking

the

the words he was about to utter, he haſtily quitted the chamber.

For a few hours left together, how little did they court that repoſe the Prince had recommended! How did they one moment lament, and the next endeavour to inſpire each other with comfort. Angelica repeated to Joſephine the laſt words of Alzendorf; and they gave her conſolation, in the idea that he at leaſt was not dead to hope. As to the doubts the Prince had endeavoured to inſpire her with, reſpecting the validity of her marriage, ſhe did not give them a ſecond thought; believing, as ſhe did, the ſuggeſtion reſulted only from diſappointed paſſion.

Olivia would ſtill continue with her, whatever might be her fate; ſhe therefore prepared herſelf to depart. But of Angelica's ſociety, Joſephine knew ſhe muſt be deprived;

deprived; and the ſeparation that ſo ſoon muſt take place, was no ſmall aggravation of her ſorrows.

Hours of ſuch heavy wretchedneſs never had Joſephine known; ſhe thought on the grief but a few ſhort days had produced. Her father, her beloved father was no more! —no longer could he protect her from the injuſtice of the world!—and Alzendorf, but a few hours her huſband, already torn from her, to be caſt into ſome dreary priſon!

Angelica's arms encircled her.

"Ah, Angelica," ſaid ſhe, "is it poſſible you can ſtill love me!—I who am alone the cauſe of your brother's miſeries!"

Angelica preſſed her yet more warmly to her boſom, as ſhe ſaid—

"But I am perſuaded you will ſtill be the ſource of all his happineſs!"

This

This was a ſweet aſſurance, and it loſt not its effect on the heart of Joſephine.

Punctual to the time, at daybreak every one was heard in motion. The agonizing emotion of Joſephine's boſom now again totally overcame her, and an hour or two had elapſed before ſhe was ſufficiently recovered, to be removed to the carriage that waited to receive her. The Prince expreſſed the ſtrongeſt concern for her indiſpoſition, and propoſed ſtill further to protract the journey; but Olivia thought, if ſhe muſt be removed, a ſhort delay would only again ſubject her to the ſhock that thus overpowered her.

The ſeparation between Joſephine and Angelica was moſt affecting; but the idea of her father ſeemed ſtrongeſt in her mind, and the impreſſions of his melancholy fate

were

were revived with almoſt inſufferable anguiſh, as ſhe caſt the laſt look on the fatal ſtream that had robbed her of him for ever. How did this journey recall his remembrance! The country through which they were to paſs, which but a ſhort time before ſhe had traverſed with her father, preſented a thouſand melancholy ideas that penetrated her heart.

"Ah! how little," ſaid ſhe, "did I think, as I performed that ſad journey, how little did I think that my return would be a thouſand times more afflicting! I had then the joy to reflect that my baniſhment would be the liberation of Alzendorf. But now, how is he involved! Ah, fatal precipitation! Why did he not, aſſured of my faith, remain tranquil till he found himſelf releaſed from his bonds!"

Yet Joſephine found it hard to condemn

a conduct which ſhe knew originated in exceſs of love. In theſe mournful reflections, but little interrupted by the converſation of the now broken-ſpirited Olivia, the hours wore away, and evening was quick approaching. At length Olivia made Joſephine remark that, latterly, the country wore a different appearance from any ſhe remembered paſſing in her journey to St. Ulric.

Joſephine had obſerved this alſo, but ſhe thought probably there might be many roads in the ſame direction; the obſervation therefore gave her little diſquiet: for ſhe made no doubt the Prince was removing her to S——; as where could ſhe be more in his power? For, alas! ſhe knew by fatal experience, how much the Duke was at his brother's diſpoſal.

They had ſtopped as ſhort a time as

poſſible

poſſible for refreſhment, and the horſes had been goaded on into as much ſwiftneſs as the mountainous country they had to paſs, would permit. They found they were not to ſtop for the night, as they obſerved the Prince quit the horſe he rode, and enter a carriage that had followed them.

Theſe arrangements made little impreſſion on Joſephine; ſhe rather wiſhed to arrive at S——, as there ſhe believed Alzendorf to be: for, alas! ſhe doubted not but he would again become immured in the diſmal fortreſs of the north gate. Still ſhe ſtrove to conſole herſelf in the idea that, though baniſhed his beloved preſence, ſhe ſhould be ſtill near him. But Olivia endeavoured to inſpire her with more lively conſolation, by perſuading her that, when her perſecutors found they were indiſſolubly united, they muſt of neceſſity acquieſce in

what it was no longer in their power to prevent; "and from the intereſt of Alzendorf's friend, Ludoff," ſhe added, "I would hope much; he is known to ſtand high in the favour of the Duke."

Sometimes in the delightful indulgence of theſe hopes, and oftener giving way to a deſpondency that preſented the gloomieſt apprehenſions of the future, Joſephine paſſed the long hours of night, and the morning roſe leſs welcome to her than the ſhades of midnight. The country was moſt beautiful and picturеſque; but the heart of Joſephine was ſunk in a deſpair which gave its dark tint to every object ſhe turned her eyes on.

They continued to travel with the ſame expedition they had done the preceding day; and ſome hours after noon, they entered a foreſt, which ſeemed of great extent. They could not but be ſurpriſed

at thus ſuddenly quitting the high road for this wild and apparently unbeaten tract: nor was this ſurpriſe unmixed with fear, which was ſoon augmented, by perceiving a chateau at a diſtance, to which they made no doubt they were haſtening.

"Ah! this undoubtedly is a new ſtratagem of the Prince!" ſaid Olivia. "He is not conveying us to S——."

No ſooner had ſhe uttered theſe words, than ſhe ſaw the imprudence of them, from the effect they took on the already exhauſted Joſephine, who ſunk lifeleſs from her ſeat. Olivia ſcreamed for aſſiſtance; and as they were now at the entrance of the chateau, where the Prince waited to receive them, ſhe was inſtantly removed to the houſe. The female attendants being ſummoned, remedies were applied, and ſhe ſoon recovered.

When recollection was sufficiently restored to her, she withdrew herself from the support of the Prince, who was hanging over her with the tenderest solicitude.

"Dearest Josephine," said he, in a subdued voice, "why will you thus refuse my assistance?"

Josephine answered not for some moments. At length turning to him, she said—

"Why am I brought hither? When shall I continue my journey to S——?"

He seemed rather confused at these questions, and spoke not again. She repeated them with increased wildness. He seemed to fear the consequence, and endeavoured to sooth her by a thousand protestations of the honour of his intentions; and throwing himself on his knees before her, he said—

"Josephine,

"Joſephine, put confidence in me; you ſhall not be ſafer under the immediate protection of the Duke, than in mine! Believe me, I love you with too ardent a paſſion, willingly to incur your diſpleaſure! You are as ſafe and free here as if at St. Ulric. Look but with leſs abhorrence on me, and I will voluntarily promiſe never to enter your preſence, when you wiſh to exclude me.

"That will be for ever!" Joſephine had nearly ſaid, but ſhe thought it was more prudent not to exaſperate him, and in ſo doing, deprive herſelf of the indulgences he might in theſe moments promiſe her. She now ſaw herſelf entirely in his power, and ſhe feared ſhe might long continue ſo; for how could ſhe be enabled to effect an eſcape? She trembled as ſhe ſurveyed her ſituation.

" You tell me," ſaid ſhe, " to put confidence in you. Yet how can I, deceived as I have been—how can I truſt? If I am at liberty as much as you ſay, why may I not continue my journey to S——? It is my only deſire!"

" It is that ardent deſire," he replied, " cruel as the avowal may appear, urges me to refuſe you. For does it not convince me you have deſigns that militate againſt my happineſs? No, Joſephine; in every wiſh but that of quitting me, you ſhall be gratified."

" And you know," cried the deſponding Joſephine, " I have no other."

" Cruel girl!" returned the Prince, " do you wiſh me to feel the full force of your words? But I will not now continue to haraſs you; my actions ſhall ſpeak for me more forcibly than proteſtations. Perhaps

you

you may at length pity the miſeries you inflict."

Saying which, he withdrew. Joſephine was too much agitated to permit her to touch a morſel of the repaſt which had been prepared for them; but Olivia, alarmed at the extremely weak and exhauſted ſtate to which ſhe was reduced, at length ſucceeded in perſuading her to drink ſome wine, of which ſhe found the beneficial effects. A female ſoon after entered, and conducted them to the ſuite of apartments deſtined to their uſe. They were almoſt ſpent with fatigue—no reſt had Joſephine taken for many nights; and, overcome by the fatigue of her journey, in ſpite of all the evils of the preſent, the horrors of the paſt, or the fears of the future, ſhe ſunk into a refreſhing ſlumber.

CHAP. VIII.

Oh, you ſhould not reſt
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you ſhould pity me!

SHAKESPEARE.

PRINCE Albert had naturally ardent paſſions; and, unaccuſtomed to the leaſt reſtraint, they had become ſtill more uncontroulable. Every paſſion was now concentered in his love for Joſephine. This love was indeed unbounded; it would have incited him to tear her from the arms of the greateſt Monarch upon earth. Should Alzendorf

Alzendorf then possess her in security, so much his inferior, and one whom he abhorred?—Alzendorf, who had first taught him the pangs of disappointment?—The agony that wrung his bosom on that fatal night, when first he was convinced that Josephine loved another, was for ever present to his mind, and ever inspired him with fresh detestation of his rival. He had then agreed that Josephine should be removed from him, terrible as was the idea; for, though he might have compelled her into a marriage, and was even persuaded to it by the Duke and Countess, yet so much was there of genuine love in his passion, that he could not consent to receive her reluctant hand, when convinced her heart was another's. He therefore suffered her to depart, believing time could alone work a change in his favour. He believed her youthful spirit would soon

lead her to abhor ſolitude, and that ſhe would willingly by any means be reſtored to the world.

It was with extreme delight and ſelf-gratulation that he continually received intelligence from the Baron of his daughter's amended ſpirits, and deſire for ſociety. This was to the Prince a perfect aſſurance that every thing ſucceeded to his wiſhes. Could ſhe be thus content and happy, he thought, if ſhe ſtill retained her paſſion, eſtranged as ſhe was from its object?—Imagining, too, that ſhe did not even know but that her lover was ſtill a priſoner; for the ſtrict watch he kept over Alzendorf, rendered him perfectly aſſured of the impoſſibility of his holding any communication with her.

"No," ſaid he, "Joſephine loves no longer. Her contentment—her wiſh to cultivate the acquaintance of this ſtranger, Counteſs

Countefs Sarsfield, but little refembles the pining of unhappy love."

He experienced it in himfelf. No longer happy, he fought not the fociety of the gay. In folitude was his only confolation. It was in the retirement of his own thoughts, that he could uninterruptedly contemplate the fuccefs of his fcheme. He had intended foon to have gone to St. Ulric; and if he found Jofephine fuch as he hoped, her retirement was to continue no longer, for no longer could he curb his impatience. Strong, indeed, had been the felf-denial he had practifed, fo long to exift without beholding her who became dearer to him every hour of abfence. He had even written, to inform the Baron of his intention, when the intelligence of his fudden death reached the Court. It was now to be confidered what was to be done.

done. The Baron, expiring thus ſuddenly, had appointed no guardian for his daughter, nor had ſhe any relations to take that charge upon them. It was thought, therefore, moſt adviſable that the Duke himſelf ſhould declare her under his protection, and that the Prince ſhould proceed to St. Ulric with all poſſible diſpatch, to convey her to S——, when ſhe was to be placed with one of the ladies of the Court, till ſhe became the wife of the Prince—an event which none doubted would ſpeedily take place.

Aſſured of the ſafe captivity of Count Alzendorf, they could not form the idea of his circumventing their plans. Beſides, they believed he would remain ignorant of the Baron's death.

In this fancied ſecurity, the Prince journied towards St. Ulric, delighting himſelf in the

con-

contemplation of the different plans to be purſued; but he never failed to crown them equally with ſucceſs.

Intoxicated with theſe ſweet deluſions, how little was he prepared for the ſcene he beheld on his arrival at the Abbey!—Joſephine, *his* Joſephine, as he had but a moment before fondly believed her, reclining in the arms of Alzendorf!—whoſe very idea he had almoſt driven from his imagination!—Alzendorf, too, called her his wife!

At that moment, with revengeful exultation, the Prince reflected he was yet within his power; and he inſtantly ordered his arreſt. He now found himſelf at liberty to reflect on what had paſſed:—could it indeed be poſſible Joſephine was married! He queſtioned the ſervants, and he received too fatal a conviction. He could not doubt

but

but that the ceremony had in reality taken place; and for a few moments, all appeared loſt to him. Madneſs was in the idea. In loſing Joſephine, he loſt all that appeared valuable in exiſtence.

He heſitated. There was one path ſtill open, but he almoſt trembled to purſue it: yet was it for one impetuous as the Prince—one whoſe will had never known controul, to heſitate?—He determined, then, not to return with Joſephine to S——, but to carry her to a hunting ſeat he poſſeſſed in a diſtant part of the country.

Perhaps he had never formed ſo daring a project, but from the eaſe he found in delivering himſelf from the preſence of Alzendorf and his arreſt, which had at the moment been dictated ſolely by a ſpirit of revenge and anger, now appeared to him the inſtigation of his good genius, to enable

him

him to put in practice this ſcheme. Of Counteſs Wolina's concurrence, however violent the meaſure, he was aſſured; for he had at length penetrated her ſecret reaſon in becoming ſo warmly his friend in this affair. He ſaw ſhe loved Count Alzendorf.

Impreſſed with this conviction, he doubted not ſhe would as earneſtly endeavour to effect a ſeparation between him and Joſephine, as he could; and he knew her influence too well, to fear much oppoſition from his brother. It was a deſperate ſtep; but he ſaw only the alternative of loſing Joſephine for ever, and he reſolved no longer to deliberate. But in a few moments he again began to waver.

"What ſhall I gain by this violence," thought he, "but Joſephine's hatred! Ah! an eternal ſeparation were a leſs evil, than to be to her only an object of deteſtation! No!

No! I will act honourably! I will convey her to S——! I will obtain Alzendorf's release!"

But these resolutions held but for a short period; again the seducing picture presented itself. If he could once place her in the situation he so much desired, he would consecrate his whole life to her; his tender assiduities, his unremitting cares would at length awaken in her breast a reciprocal passion. But again he thought—

"How am I deceiving myself!—for never will Josephine—the pure, the virtuous Josephine, the wife of Alzendorf, listen to my vows! She will look only on me as a violator and a tyrant, and will regard me, not with love, but detestation!"

Now resolved, now hesitating, he passed some time. At length he rejoiced in believing he had formed a plan completely

satis-

ſatisfactory: this was the poſſibility of perſuading Joſephine that the marriage was invalid. As he knew ſhe muſt be perfectly ignorant of the forms proper to be obſerved, he thought this might be practicable; at leaſt he determined to make the experiment—it would take away ſo much odium from his proceedings. He knew he could eaſily procure the marriage to be annulled; but this at that time was not ſo much the object of his thoughts, as to make himſelf appear as little culpable as poſſible in her eyes.

His reſolution was at length formed: he determined to commence his operations inſtantly, which he did as was related.

The Prince now ſaw himſelf poſſeſſed of his wiſhes. Joſephine was completely in his power—he had no rival to fear. He might now conſecrate his whole life to her. Thoſe tender aſſiduities, thoſe unremitting cares which

which were to awaken a reciprocal flame in her breaſt, might now be exerted: and, happy for Joſephine, his firſt reſolve was to treat her with the greateſt poſſible reſpect. What indeed were his intentions, if this conduct beſtowed not on him the reward he hoped, he had not yet conſidered; but he ſeldom permitted himſelf to doubt but that ultimately he ſhould be ſucceſsful: diſtraction was in any other idea.

Impetuous, romantic, he knew with what approbation he was generally received. In his tranſient attentions he had uniformly ſucceeded. How many hearts were his, almoſt unſolicited! This habitual ſucceſs had, beſides, its natural effect of inducing that very light opinion of women, which the more confirmed his hopes in the preſent inſtance.

"No," ſaid he, "tender and compaſſionate

passionate as Josephine is, she cannot long be insensible to my sufferings, were she witness to them."—What obstacle could impede his plan? Sometimes, indeed, a doubt would cross his mind, as he reflected on his ill success, when he had, to all appearance, so much more in his favour, than at this moment he could flatter himself with; but then he would think she was open to the attentions, and influenced by the vows of Alzendorf. But now never should they reach her ears; she should listen only to his love, and she would pity him. Her marriage, he would persuade her, was illegal, and he would procure it to be pronounced so; and it was in pursuance of this plan, that Josephine found herself a prisoner in his house—it was to soften her heart towards him that he had inflicted on her the severest misery.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

Can I behold thee, and not ſpeak of love?
Even now, thus ſadly as thou ſtand'ſt before me,
Thus deſolate, dejected, and forlorn,
Thy ſoftneſs ſteals upon my yielding heart.

ROWE.

ILL indeed, in the firſt days of this trial, did he ſucceed, Joſephine having ſeen him once or twice, and endeavoured by every means, to induce him to permit her to depart, but without the leaſt effect. Relying on his promiſe not to intrude on her ſolitude, ſhe

ſhe ſhut herſelf up in her apartments, under pretence of indiſpoſition; determining never to ſee him more, unleſs compelled. But this did not diſturb him, though he ſuſpected the artifice; for he thought in a little time, the violence of her grief would exhauſt itſelf; and he had but little wiſh at preſent to renew converſations from which he was conſcious he gained ſo little. He contented himſelf, therefore, with repeated enquiries, and with furniſhing her retirement with books, muſic, and every thing that could render it more tolerable. But in a few days he began to perceive this proceeding would by no means facilitate his ſcheme:—he therefore requeſted to ſee Olivia; which being granted, he beſought her to perſuade her friend to leave this ſecluſion.

"If my preſence," ſaid he, "is ſo deteſtable to her, I will, if ſhe commands it, ſhut

ſhut myſelf from her ſight; but ſhe muſt not, by acting thus, injure her health."

Olivia promiſed compliance with his wiſhes—indeed, they were her own: ſhe entirely diſapproved Joſephine's confinement to her apartments; it appeared to her fraught with every evil conſequence. She believed it would exaſperate the Prince to a total abandonment of his promiſe never to diſturb her ſolitude.

The Prince ſaw with pleaſure that Olivia had ſucceeded. When, towards evening, Joſephine entered the garden, he watched her, but forebore to approach, determining to throw himſelf in her way as ſhe returned. But Joſephine, pleaſed with the indulgence ſhe had allowed herſelf, continued wandering in the extenſive grounds till no longer could he controul his impatience. He advanced to meet her; ſhe received his

compliments

compliments with an air totally different from that of their preceding interviews. Her anger was now loſt in an exceſs of grief. The change ſeemed to touch him. He ſpoke to her in a voice of the tendereſt ſympathy, and endeavoured, by a thouſand little arts, to draw her from the contemplation of her ſorrows. But could he hope for a moment to ſucceed? When in himſelf ſhe beheld the author of them, ſhe ſoon re ired; and, in compliance with his plan, he did not urge her further ſtay, content to proceed ſlowly, if he eſpied but a dawning of ſucceſs.

For ſeveral days following, ſhe repeated theſe evening rambles; yet the Prince did not by any means congratulate himſelf on the progreſs he made. In vain he flattered himſelf, that each ſucceeding interview, ſhe would liſten to him with leſs reluctance;

 but

but when he reviewed these conversations, of what did they consist?—of tears, and complaints of his injustice, and entreaties to be removed to S——, on her part; and on his, of weak and useless attempts to justify himself. Nightly they parted with disappointment; hope mutually deserted them. The Prince was disturbed with doubt and apprehension: he feared Josephine's affection never would be his; yet he endeavoured to reason himself out of this despondency.

"What," said he, "did I expect, in the very height of her passion for another—to her love, for whom she believes the Church has given its hallowed sanction—did I expect in a few short weeks to make her all my own?"

Still he saw the inutility of continuing in their present situation.

"If," thought he, "I could induce her

to

to permit me to have more of her ſociety, love, expreſſed by a thouſand trifles, might inſenſibly touch her heart; whilſt open declarations would at preſent only increaſe her averſion, and create a greater degree of ſuſpicion."

Almoſt diſtruſting the ſucceſs of the meaſures he purſued, he had reſolved to take the counſel of the Chevalier Leſtein, his boſom friend and confidant.

On his arrival, the Prince diſcloſed the whole affair. No ſooner was he made acquainted with the particulars, than moſt ſtrenuouſly did he oppoſe it; nor did he heſitate to tell the Prince that, independent of the difficulties that attended it, which to him appeared inſurmountable, it militated againſt every principle of honour.

But theſe repreſentations made little impreſſion on Prince Albert; he knew at no

earthly tribunal would his conduct be cognizable. He laughed, then, at his friend's scruples; and the difficulties he urged, shared the same fate.

Lestein had represented to the Prince the improbability of Josephine now listening to his passion, which she had disregarded when she had no reason to believe but his conduct was the most just and honourable. The Prince then acquainted him with the scheme he had put in practice to do away the darkest part of the charges she should bring against him, by representing to her, in every conversation he had with her, the invalidity of her marriage.

" And I think," continued he, " these confident asseftions have not failed of their effect: for when I first urged them, she listened to me with impatience and indignation, and always replied; but now it involves

involves her in the deepeſt melancholy, and ſhe attends to me in ſilence and in tears. All the confidence and hopes this ceremony might have given, are therefore fled. Talk then no more of difficulties—they fade away! They are no longer ſo, when they lead to the poſſeſſion of ſuch a treaſure. Oh Leſtein! I cannot live without her!—death would be a thouſand times preferable to ſuch an exiſtence! I almoſt fear to expoſe myſelf to your ridicule, when I confeſs to you the feelings of my heart. My paſſion for her inſpires me with ſo perfect a reſpect, that I tremble but to name to her my love! Her frowns inſpire me with the profoundeſt awe, and her tears would have the power to defeat my moſt determined reſolution!"

"How, if you love her with ſo pure a

paſſion," aſked Leſtein, " can you ſee her wretched, and know yourſelf the cauſe?"

" Ah!" replied the Prince, " my boſom is filled with contrarieties! It appears as if it would be the happineſs of my life to create her's; but when I reflect it is from Alzendorf ſhe can alone receive it, I could almoſt take pleaſure in her tears—were I," ſaid he, after a pauſe, " were I to influence the happineſs of Joſephine. Yes, Leſtein, I often think of that Alzendorf, till my brain becomes on fire, and I am hurried towards a precipice which I have hardly ſtrength to withdraw myſelf from!—The follies I commit, are unknown to every eye! At night I have often entered the apartment ſhe has been in during the day, only to behold every thing that is her's; to touch the keys of her inſtrument; to

look

look on the music her eyes have paſſed over!—But you ſhall not learn my folly till you have ſeen her, and perhaps you may then pardon the exceſs of it."

To give this promiſed view to his friend, as well as to forward his plan of being admitted oftener to her ſociety, the next evening, when, after her accuſtomed ſtroll, ſhe was going to retire, he entreated her to indulge him with her preſence a few moments longer, and partake of a collation of fruits.

"Accede to my entreaties," ſaid he, "as I have kept my promiſe inviolate!"

Joſephine was about to refuſe, but a look from Olivia perſuaded her to a reluctant acquieſcence. The eyes of the Prince gleamed with an expreſſion of delight—his raptures were unbounded: he would have thrown himſelf on his knees to

have thanked her, but he was too politic to ſhew how highly he eſtimated this favour.

He took her hand, and led her to a part of the chateau ſhe had not ſeen. As they paſſed along, he oſtentatiouſly diſplayed to her the ſumptuous apartments; but to Joſephine, a thouſand times more preferable were the dark and melancholy chambers of St. Ulric, to theſe "gay ſaloons and golden veſted walls."

Filled with theſe cruel ideas, ſhe entered the apartment, where a magnificent collation was ſpread. There was a light fantaſtic grace in the decoration of this room; which, blazing with a profuſion of lights, ſeemed to ſpeak of pleaſure ſo foreign to her heart, that on her entrance, ſhe ſunk into the firſt ſeat, and burſt into tears.

Olivia, alarmed, entreated her in a low voice to exert herſelf; but her tears were not

not to be ſubdued, and ſhe wept unreſtrainedly, notwithſtanding the preſence of Leſtein, to her a ſtranger.

The Prince was viſibly mortified; and it was his altered countenance that ſhewed Joſephine the folly of her conduct.

"As I have acceded to his requeſt," thought ſhe, "I ought not to cancel the favour by this behaviour."

Aided by this idea, ſhe ſoon recovered her compoſure. Theſe tears moſt ſenſibly hurt the Prince, as they ſpoke in ſo plain a language her forced compliance to his wiſhes; but he thought it better not to make any comment on it; and wiſhing to give another turn to her ideas, introduced Leſtein to her as his friend. She received this introduction complacently, determining not uſeleſsly to incenſe the Prince.

The Chevalier Leſtein was about thirty

years of age: in him the ſaturnine diſpoſition of his country was happily blended with French vivacity. Though he poſſeſſed not the majeſtic figure or noble countenance of his friend, yet his features were particularly inſinuating and expreſſive.

The Prince looked with triumph towards Leſtein, as he led her to the table; ſhe did indeed look lovely. It was true, her countenance was no longer irradiated by the bewitching ſmiles that once dwelt there; it was true, her voice, whoſe tones ſunk into the heart, was broken and tumultuous: yet there was a touching ſoftneſs that ſpoke irreſiſtibly to the feelings—a not unpleaſing ſadneſs, that ſeemed in uniſon with the ſable garments ſhe wore.

Leſtein was filled with an admiration he took little pains to conceal, as he knew it would be an homage to his taſte not unacceptable

ceptable to the Prince. His converſation was lively and animated, yet there was a freedom in it diſpleaſing to Joſephine.

"But why ſhould I be angry?" thought ſhe; "for what opinion has he not a right to form in ſeeing me thus ſeated by the ſide of the Prince, partaking of his entertainment, and ſuffering myſelf to be introduced to his friends?—Alzendorf, I have wronged you by this ſubmiſſion!"

So loſt was ſhe in theſe melancholy reflections, unheedful of the Prince's attentions, or the Chevalier's diſcourſe, till he ſaid he had quitted S—— late on the preceding day. At the mention of S——, ſhe looked on the Prince with a reproachful mournfulneſs, and ſaid—"Are we then ſo ſhort a diſtance?"

"Ah, Joſephine!" replied the Prince, "why will you thus fruitleſſly torment yourſelf, by deſiring that only, which I muſt refuſe you?"

The Chevalier, as he was moſt probably tutored, now turned all his attentions to Olivia, with whom he entered into a lively converſation. The Prince continued ſpeaking.

"I have no doubt you think my conduct cruel, and load me with a thouſand opprobrious appellations; but firſt contraſt this conduct, Joſephine, with that which would be the tendency of moſt of thoſe in my ſituation. Do you not know it is only by continued ſtruggles I am enabled to overcome the ardent wiſh I feel of being ſometimes bleſſed with your ſociety? And yet, ungrateful girl, for all this, you give me no thanks!"

"No!

"No! I believe," replied Josephine, with emphasis, "no other would have acted as you have done!"

"This only shews your little knowledge of the world," returned the Prince: "for, by Heaven, I should become the ridicule of every man—I should be pointed at as rivalling the Chevalier Knights of old, were it known I voluntarily secluded myself from the presence of my mistress, to shew her respect. But I meant not to speak thus lightly," continued the Prince, seeing Josephine's countenance expressed much distress; "I wished only as far as possible to vindicate my conduct in your eyes: and you must indeed acknowledge some merit due to my forbearance, who considers every moment spent from you, as lost. How often do I reflect on the short distance that separates us!—how often have I said—'but a few steps, and

and I ſhall be in her preſence!'—how often have I walked the gallery that communicates with your apartments, but to catch the diſtant ſound of your voice!—yet have I forbore to approach nearer. Joſephine, acknowledge I have ſome merit;—hold out ſome incitement, that I may continue in the right way; for I acknowledge that goodneſs is not ſo lovely to me, that I find in it, its own reward."

As he ſaid this, he raiſed her hand to his lips; but as he caught ſight of the ring, he inſtantly let it fall.

"What," ſaid he, "was the farce complete in all its parts? I thought, Mademoiſelle Loſenſtein, I had convinced you of the abſurdity of that ceremony! But perhaps you wear it as a gift of love—a remembrance. But, believe me, you would do better to draw it from your finger, and

let

let the foolifh affair reft in an eternal oblivion!"

Jofephine, with an almoft involuntary motion, preffed the ring to her lips as he faid this. The action was not unobferved by the Prince, and a deeper colour died his cheeks.

"Is it to teach me leffons of mercy, you thus cruelly infult my feelings?"

"Infult your feelings!" exclaimed Jofephine, whofe heart he had deeply wounded a few moments before; "infult your feelings!" And fhe burft into tears.

The Prince's anger was, as ufual, fubdued at the fight of her diftrefs, and he endeavoured to footh her to compofure.

"Forgive me, dear Jofephine!" faid he. "I have hurt you—I have been to blame! But in fuch moments, I am not mafter of myfelf.

myſelf. Do not, therefore, condemn me for what is only an exceſs of love."

From the lips of Alzendorf, how ſucceſsful had been this juſtification!—but from thoſe of Prince Albert, it became only in her ears an inſult; and, commanding her feelings to as much compoſure as ſhe could aſſume, ſhe aroſe.

"No, Joſephine, you ſhall not quit me thus in diſpleaſure," ſaid the Prince.

But turning from him, ſhe approached Olivia, who alſo aroſe.

"Ungrateful and inſenſible girl!" ſaid the Prince, as ſhe quitted the room, "you have inſtructed me in what manner I am henceforth to behave towards you!"

Theſe words were not loſt on the unfortunate Joſephine. She repeated to Olivia the Prince's diſcourſe; for it had been uttered

uttered in too low a voice to be overheard by her.

Olivia felt not a little alarmed at this recital; but ſhe endeavoured to conſole Joſephine by thoſe arguments which had often ſoothed her. How often did ſhe ſay to her—

"Reflect, Joſephine, he has behaved hitherto as a man of honour; why, therefore, ſhould we ſuſpect him?—And do not you perceive how great is your power over him? He cannot withſtand your tears. Reſt aſſured, my friend, he will ſoon perceive how weak, how futile is his ſcheme!"

Joſephine attended not to what Olivia ſaid; ſhe was looking intently on her wedding-ring.

"Ah!" ſaid ſhe at length, "if they ſhould deprive me of this, Olivia! Muſt I indeed loſe this, my only treaſure? Shall the Prince force it from me? No, I will hide

hide it in my boſom !—I will bind it on my heart !"

As ſhe ſaid this, ſhe drew it from her finger, and faſtened it with a ribbon to her neck. Pleaſed with ſecuring it, ſhe became more compoſed. But as the hour approached for their accuſtomed ramble in the garden, her diſpleaſure prompted her never again to quit her aparment; whilſt, on the other hand, Olivia urged her to continue her uſual walk.

"Give him no pretext," ſaid ſhe, "for any alteration in his preſent reſpectful behaviour on your part."

Thus urged by arguments ſhe could not but herſelf admit the juſtneſs of, ſhe conſented once more, therefore, to viſit the garden. Scarce had ſhe entered it, when ſhe perceived the Prince, accompanied by Lenvin. He ſeemed to retain ſome part of

of his diſpleaſure ; he appeared agitated and diſturbed ; but his countenance became leſs clouded as he beheld her : and, approaching her, he took her hand, about to enquire after her health. On diſcovering her ring was gone, a ſudden tranſport thrilled his whole frame ; he almoſt believed he ſaw the completion of his every wiſh. Unacquainted with her ſecret motives, he ſaw in its removal, a conceſſion beyond his moſt ſanguine expectations. Filled with joy, he gazed on her a moment almoſt increduloufly ; then throwing himſelf on his knees, poured out a thouſand rapturous acknowledgments.

Joſephine, totally ignorant of the cauſe of all this exultation, began to fear his ſenſes had ſuddenly forſaken him, and turned from him in diſmay, which increaſed on perceiving herſelf alone. Olivia and Leſtein had diſappeared.

appeared. Olivia had forſaken her. A ſtrange fear croſſed her mind, and ſhe turned from him with precipitation, hurrying towards the chateau: but the Prince was too much elated with his fancied ſucceſs, to permit her to eſcape him till he had once more ſpoke to her of his love—painted to her its ardour, its conſtancy—a conſtancy which he ſaid no time, no obſtacle could leſſen.

She liſtened to him with terror; for, emboldened by his new-born hopes, he ſpoke to her with a force and freedom he had never before uſed. Not only his converſation, but his whole manner and appearance, ſeemed to have undergone a change. His eyes beamed joy, paſſion, hope; and his voice betrayed his ſecret exultation.

At that inſtant an attendant approached from the chateau, and delivered him a

letter.

letter. He tore it open. He ſeemed to read the contents with ſome emotion. Joſephine was turning from him.

"Stop, Joſephine, do not leave me! Judge my feelings, who am obliged to quit you at ſuch a moment as this. But this letter demands my immediate preſence: as my uncle, the Elector of ———, who has been for ſome time in an ill ſtate of health, earneſtly requeſts to ſee me. But my abſence ſhall not be long—not long can I endure a ſeparation. And again let me a thouſand times thank you! I do not depart in abſolute deſpair!"

How inexplicable was all this to Joſephine. She began to fear he had ſome ſecret views in thus endeavouring to perſuade her he felt hopes, which ſhe believed it was not poſſible her conduct ever could encourage him to entertain. At once to cruſh theſe

hopes,

hopes, if they did indeed exiſt, ſhe began to ſpeak; but haſtily interrupting her, almoſt fearing what ſhe might be about to utter, he cried—

"I do not now aſk my doom;—I hope only from time. Think of me without prejudice, and bear with this confinement. Do not think of quitting the chateau, for be aſſured the attempt will be uſeleſs; for though I go, Leſtein will remain."

As he concluded theſe words, Olivia and the Chevalier emerged from an oppoſite labyrinth. Olivia ſaid, and ſaid truly, that in the ſudden turning of the path, ſhe had loſt ſight of Joſephine, and ſince, bewildered in the intricacy of the labyrinth, ſhe had in vain endeavoured to find her. She did not ſuſpect her conductor had helped to miſlead her, and that it was through his manœuvres ſhe had firſt loſt ſight of her friend.

friend. But Joſephine was too intent in proving to the Prince how fallacious were his hopes, if he in reality poſſeſſed any, to attend to Olivia: but ſpeaking to the Prince, ſhe ſaid, with energy—

"Upon whatever part of my conduct your preſent expectations are founded, I owe it to myſelf, and even to you, to affirm, that it can only have originated in error and miſconſtruction."

"Still is my Joſephine cruel, even in her mercy," ſaid the Prince, ſmiling; and he preſſed her hand to his lips.

Joſephine felt redoubled aſtoniſhment at this unnatural gaiety, on the eve, as he himſelf acknowledged, of a ſeparation; and ſhe could not but fear ſome deep ſcheme was hid beneath it.

"I will ſoon ſee you again," ſaid he, as he ſeparated from her. "God bleſs you, my

Joſephine!

Josephine! and may the sweet peace you have given me, dwell in your own bosom!"

But far indeed was the dwelling of peace from her breast; for a grief, a despondency, such as she had never known before, now possessed her: she continually imagined some evil hanging over Alzendorf. She formed for him every possible danger. Unable to devise the Prince's schemes, yet assured of their actual existence, one moment she trembled for herself—in the next, thought only of Alzendorf! She wept continually, pronouncing no other words but the name of her beloved Augustus. She would listen to no consolation. The absence of the Prince, which, in the opinion of Olivia, was a subject of infinite joy, was to Josephine the source of the utmost disquietude. He was only gone, she was assured, for the purpose of heaping on her fresh calamities; perhaps

perhaps to attempt to force from Alzendorf his reſignation of her; or greater evils, on which ſhe dared not let her imagination dwell.

Leſtein requeſted to be admitted, but was refuſed. The Prince had declared his abſence ſhould not exceed a week. Three melancholy days had elapſed. Olivia ſaw with alarm the increaſing illneſs of her friend, and entreated her to have ſome advice; but Joſephine reſolutely refuſed all medical aſſiſtance, aſking Olivia how ſhe could wiſh her ſo much ill, as ever to recover.

"Why," ſaid ſhe, "ſhould I wiſh for life, to be immured within theſe walls for ever, without the leaſt proſpect of eſcape, never to ſee Alzendorf more? Ah! why ſhould I wiſh for life?"—And theſe expreſſions would always terminate in the wildeſt paroxyſms of grief.

 "Leſtein,"

"Leſtein," ſaid Olivia, "I am ſure, has not an inſenſible heart. Perhaps from him you might gain a little more freedom; and we may in that caſe contrive ſome method of eſcape. Then do not deſpond, Joſephine, nor thus give yourſelf up to misfortune, without a ſtruggle."

"And if I do effect my eſcape, Olivia, where, alas! can I fly? Who will dare receive me? Or if they do, who has the power to protect me? I have a claim on no one!"

"But any thing," returned Olivia, "would ſurely be preferable to remaining here. You might in ſome diſguiſe hide yourſelf in a cottage remote from the world, till brighter days ſhould call upon you to declare yourſelf."

Joſephine had little hope of theſe bright days; yet to extricate herſelf from the power

of

of the Prince was ſo deſirable, and perhaps to be enabled to fly to ſome place not far removed from her beloved Alzendorf, where ſhe might at leaſt look on the walls that encompaſſed him, was an indulgence not to be forborne.

She agreed to ſee Leſtein. As he entered, he abſolutely ſtarted back on beholding the ravages which the exceſſive grief Joſephine had given way to, though but for ſo ſhort a time, had effected in her form. She appeared as if a few days, and the grave muſt receive her. It is impoſſible to ſay how much Leſtein was ſhocked.

“ Oh, how ill,” exclaimed he, “ have I executed my charge ! How ſhall I dare to meet my friend on his return ! If not for your own ſake, remember there is a life that hangs on your's !—for well am I aſſured

MAHARAJA SEREOGI'S SARASW

he never would survive you—he who so passionately loves you!"

"Say, rather he detests me!"

"No, you cannot, do not doubt his love; nor can you be angry at the excess of it. It is a crime which covers many others, I know, in the opinion of your sex;—excused by an excess of passion, how much do they forgive!"

"Your raillery is ill chosen, Chevalier," interrupted Olivia.

Lestein needed not this rebuke, for he himself felt ashamed of the folly he had uttered, without the smallest intention of hurting Josephine's feelings.

"Ah! forgive me, Mademoiselle Losenstein, for this levity of expression, when I know you are in affliction! But believe me no less sincere, when I declare that, if it be

in my limited power in any way to alleviate it, you may command me to the utmoſt. Speak, Madam—what can I do for you ?"

"Alas !" ſaid Joſephine, ſighing, "you can do nothing ! It is not for myſelf I grieve !"

"I will not affect to miſunderſtand you," replied Leſtein. "It is Count Alzendorf you mean ! Will an aſſurance of his health, of his ſafety, be a conſolation to you ?"

"Oh, except that of ſeeing him, the greateſt that can be beſtowed upon me on earth ! Speak, then, Chevalier—is he well ?—is he at liberty ?"

"He is well," he replied.

"Ah, then, he is ſtill a priſoner !—ſtill, ſtill immured in the gloomy fortreſs to which his connection with my unhappy fate firſt conſigned him !"

"It is true," replied Leſtein, "he is

ſtill a priſoner, but he is no longer confined in the Fortreſs of S—— ; he has been ſome time removed to the Caſtle of Z——: and if it would, indeed, be a conſolation to you, I can learn intelligence of him from the Prieſt who officiates as Confeſſor to the priſoners confined there."

"Chevalier," ſaid Joſephine, after a pauſe of ſome minutes, "might I not ſee him?"

"No, never by my means, Madam," replied he, with firmneſs. "I never will betray my truſt—I never will connive at your eſcape!"

But Joſephine's tears, her entreaties at length prevailed, at leaſt in part, and he agreed to conſider if there were any means by which he might obtain her an interview with Alzendorf:—but that he muſt be the companion of her journey—and the interview,

view, once obtained, ſhe ſhould return with him to her preſent abode—and that the Prince ſhould remain for ever ignorant of her abſence, were the hard terms ſhe was obliged to accede to. But once more to look on Alzendorf, whom ſhe had feared never to behold—to be aſſured of his exiſtence—to deſtroy the chimeras that continually haraſſed her weakened mind—and by her preſence, to ſpeak peace alſo to him, who, ſhe was aſſured, muſt be racked with dreadful apprehenſions for her fate—theſe were events which, to accompliſh, no condition appeared too hard.

The next morning, Leſtein again made his appearance. He told her he had arranged his plans, but that he had yet one condition to make; which was, that Alzendorf ſhould not be made acquainted with her preſent reſidence.

 This,

This, or any other condition Leſtein choſe to have named, Joſephine would have agreed to. He then told her he had procured her the diſguiſe of a peaſant's dreſs, which he alſo intended to wear. They were to ſet out as early as poſſible the following morning, as the Caſtle was at leaſt fifteen leagues diſtant.

It was in vain that he and Olivia urged to her the almoſt impracticability of her accompliſhing a journey of ſuch a length in her enfeebled ſtate; ſhe would not liſten to them. She ſeemed to feel an invigorating ſpirit, that would have prompted her to undertake the journey, had its diſtance been tenfold, and though the time had even been more limited. Olivia likewiſe repreſented to her how much ſhe was going to throw herſelf in the power of ſtrangers, for ſo Leſtein was to them; of a man, of whoſe principles,

principles, from his cloſe intimacy with the Prince, ſhe had every reaſon to doubt. But theſe ſuggeſtions were likewiſe little regarded by Joſephine; and there was plauſibility enough in her anſwer, to reconcile Olivia to the ſcheme.

"We only *doubt* the principles of Leſtein," ſaid ſhe; "but thoſe of the Prince we are, alas! too well acquainted with. Am I not as ſafe, then, in the power of Leſtein, as in that of Prince Albert?"

CHAP. X.

Go, cruel tyrant of the human breaſt!
To other hearts thy burning arrows bear:
Go where fond hope and fair illuſion reſt;
Ah, why ſhould love inhabit with deſpair?"

MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH.

IT was yet the grey dawn of the morning, when Joſephine deſcended to the garden, to meet Leſtein according to his appointment. He was already awaiting her, habited, like herſelf, in the dreſs of a peaſant. Her heart beat with a thouſand varied emotions as ſhe looked

looked on him. Transformed as he was, he appeared to her the moſt intereſting object in creation; nor did he ſeem to regard her with leſs admiration. Her ſimple habit; her face irradiated with ſmiles of inward peace, which Leſtein had never yet witneſſed, gave to her appearance the lovelieſt expreſſion. He took her by the hand.

"The ſight of theſe ſmiles, Mademoiſelle Loſenſtein," ſaid he, "has completely repaid me for my exertions in thus early riſing."

Joſephine knew not how to aſſume coldneſs to repreſs this forwardneſs; it was at that moment ſo foreign to her heart.

They haſtened to a copſe at ſome diſtance, where Leſtein's ſervant, whom he had admitted into the ſecret, was ſtationed with three horſes. After having aſſiſted Joſephine to mount, he diſmiſſed him to the

 chateau,

chateau, with an injunction to be on that ſpot the following evening.

The ſun had now tinged the eaſtern horizon with its earlieſt beams. Joſephine hailed them with a pleaſure ſhe had believed, in ſome dark hours of her life, ſhe was fated never more to experience. Leſtein watched her animated countenance, arrayed in ſmiles, to him ſo perfectly new and charming.

"What a change!" ſaid he, laughing. "Ah, this happy Alzendorf!"

A bluſh died Joſephine's cheeks at theſe words; ſhe even became for a few moments ſilent and reſerved; but the gaiety of her friend ſoon baniſhed her momentary diſpleaſure.

The road wound for ſome way on the confines of the foreſt, in the boſom of which, the Prince's chateau was ſituated. At length they gained the high road.

Not-

Notwithſtanding they were diſguiſed, Leſtein did not think it ſafe to continue entirely in that track, but diverged occaſionally into other roads, being perfectly acquainted with the ſituation of the country. Towards noon they found themſelves in a wild and deſolate glen; yet it had ſome features of beauty—at leaſt ſo it appeared to the faſcinated eyes of Joſephine. Long dead to the charms of Nature, ſhe looked on every object with delight.

They had travelled ſome way on, when they deſcried a cottage, though it was almoſt hid by the trees that ſurrounded it. Leſtein entreated her to reſt herſelf for a few hours; but Joſephine, inſenſible to fatigue or hunger, would not have conſented to a delay, but from the incapability of the horſes to proceed further.

Leſtein accordingly alighted, and entered the

the wicket of the little garden that led to the houſe, the door of which was likewiſe open; for poverty had ſeemingly rendered its inhabitants fearleſs of the robber's intruſion.

Leſtein ſoon returned, accompanied by a young woman, at preſent the only inmate of the cottage. He had told her that Joſephine was his ſiſter, whom he was conveying to a relation that reſided at ſome diſtance. The good woman received her kindly, and offered her the pottage ſhe was preparing for her huſband's repaſt, on his return from his labour.

Joſephine received it thankfully, and ate it with an appetite, often denied to the moſt coſtly viands. Leſtein, after leading the horſes to ſome forage the woman had pointed out to him, joined her, and partook of the good woman's cheer.

A thou-

A thouſand thrilling emotions preſſed on Joſephine's heart as ſhe ſurveyed the little apartment, and the caſement round which the vine and honeyſuckle crept. To ſuch a cottage as this, ſhe was to have fled with Alzendorf. The wildneſs of the ſcene around did but add to the deluſion: juſt ſuch a ſpot ſhe had imagined in her mind. She aroſe from the table; and leaning againſt the open window, looked with earneſtneſs towards that part of the horizon that Leſtein had pointed out to her as the ſituation of the Caſtle of Z———: and ſo entirely abſorbed was ſhe in this contemplation, that Leſtein ſtood gazing on her for ſome moments in ſilence, before ſhe was ſenſible of his preſence.

"Ah, that happy Alzendorf!" he ſaid.

But the ſmile that accompanied theſe words, was faint; and he, too, fell into a reverie. Joſephine's impatience became

every

every inſtant more exceſſive. She would have enquired of the woman the diſtance that ſeparated them from Z——; but the imprudent queſtion received a timely check from her companion. Ill could ſhe brook this delay, though it was repreſented to her as neceſſary.

"Do not be ſo impatient, Joſephine," ſaid he; "we ſhall ſee our friends early in the evening."

"Early in the evening! Oh my God!" ſhe exclaimed, with an emotion ſhe could not controul.

"Happy Alzendorf!" again would Leſtein have ſaid; but a ſigh rendered his expreſſion inarticulate.

In leſs than two hours they ſet forward on their journey, leaving their good hoſteſs perfectly ſatisfied with the deprivation of her huſband's meſs of pottage. Since morning,

morning, Leſtein's ſpirits ſeemed to have undergone a perfect change. No longer gay, he ſcarcely heard the queſtions Joſephine continually put to him; for as the time approached, ſhe became ſtill more anxious. Was he ſure, ſhe would aſk, of a reception from the Prieſt? How would it be poſſible, when arrived, to procure an interview with a priſoner, ſo cloſely confined as it was moſt probable Alzendorf was? Then the idea that it was become even a doubt but that in a few hours ſhe might ſee him, would completely overwhelm her; and at length, entirely abſorbed in the pleaſing trance, ſhe became as ſilent as her companion.

They had travelled thus ſeveral miles, when Joſephine was arouſed by Leſtein pointing out to her notice the diſtant towers of the Caſtle of Z——.

A mingled ſenſe of pain and pleaſure at

at once aſſailed her. Within the walls ſhe then looked on, was Alzendorf; but they were the walls of a priſon. Joſephine's heart ſunk. As the diſtance leſſened, the dark pile became more diſtinct, and more terrifically frowning did it appear. Situated on a ſteril rock, ſullen, heavy, it roſe in a gloomy contraſt to the ſmiling vallies at its feet, ſurrounded by a country the moſt beautiful that imagination can picture. A cluſter of cottages lay at the diſtance of a quarter of a mile, one of which Leſtein ſuppoſed to be the habitation of the Prieſt they were in queſt of. Nor was he deceived; for in the porch of the firſt cottage they approached, Leſtein diſcovered his friend ſtretched on the ſeat before his door, with ſome fruits ſpread before him:—he was taking his evening repaſt.

Leſtein, alighting, ſoon made himſelf

known

known to him. After converſing together a few minutes, Leſtein, accompanied by the Prieſt, returned to Joſephine; who, unconſcious of the lapſe of time, had turned her eyes on the Caſtle. Aſſiſting her to alight, the Prieſt welcomed her to his houſe.

"Be comforted, my daughter," ſaid he, in accents of conſolation: "feel aſſured, if in my power, your wiſhes ſhall be crowned with ſucceſs. But now reſt yourſelf, and partake of ſome refreſhments:"—at the ſame time placing before them his ſimple repaſt of bread and fruits. Indeed ſhe ſtood in need of ſomething to recruit her exhauſted frame, now no longer ſupported by that animating ſpirit, that had enabled her hitherto to ſupport the great fatigue ſhe had gone through. The variety of emotions which by turns agitated her, increaſed not

a little

a little the weakneſs that now overcame her.

How great were Leſtein's anxiety and alarm! Aſſiſted by the Prieſt, he led her into the houſe.

"I ſhall be well," ſaid Joſephine, "if you will but promiſe I may ſee him this evening. But to go through a long night of expectation will indeed kill me!"

Leſtein promiſed they would revolve every poſſible means; though, from what he had learned from the Prieſt, he feared to ſee him at all, was impracticable, and that his deſire of ſerving Joſephine had betrayed her into a painful and uſeleſs journey. But the good Father had promiſed all the aſſiſtance in his power; and they retired together, to ponder over every practicable meaſure.

Leſtein returned in about a quarter of an hour. Joſephine hardly breathed as he ſpoke to her.

"There

"There is only one method," ſaid he, "we can deviſe, and that ſo fraught with difficulty, that I can hardly imagine you will undertake it. It is no other than to diſguiſe yourſelf in the Prieſt's habit, and alone to proceed to the Caſtle, and gain admiſſion to your Alzendorf, as the Confeſſor. It fortunately happens that the priſoners themſelves ſometimes name the hour when they wiſh to attend the duties of confeſſion; therefore it is undetermined. If, then, you have reſolution, you may this night ſee him."

"The taſk is eaſy indeed!" ſaid Joſephine. "Let me ſee the good Confeſſor—let me inſtantly prepare myſelf!"

The animating ſpirit that had died within her, now again revived with new ardour. She ſoon covered herſelf with the Prieſt's habit, drawing the cowl cloſe over her face. He was thin, and under the middle ſize; therefore,

therefore, in their figure, there was no ſtriking diſſimilarity.

The Prieſt now delivered to her his inſtructions how to proceed.

"I will conduct you to a path," ſaid he, "which, if you purſue, will lead you up the rock, exactly to the entrance gate of the fortreſs. In paſſing the ſentinels placed there, it will be merely requiſite to give the watch-word, with which I will furniſh you. You will then enter a large paved court. It may probably be filled with ſoldiers; but ſo uſed are they to my appearance, that through them you will paſs unregarded:—be mindful only that your fears do not urge you to quicken your pace; walk ſlow, and with a meditative air. From thence you proceed to a ſmaller court: here an open colonnade ſurrounds the whole building. Continue along it, till you gain the door that admits you

you to the interior of the building. Here again you will be queſtioned by a ſentinel, who will demand of you your buſineſs. Say—'I go to confeſs a priſoner.'—He will himſelf direct you forward to the next ſentinel: ſo on, till you reach the ſtone paſſage that leads you to the cells. Here you muſt call up all your reſolution, nor let its terrors affright you. They will here aſk you whom you would wiſh to viſit: you muſt anſwer—'The third cell.' It will then be unbarred to you, and you will be admitted."

"But alas, Father!" ſaid the alarmed Joſephine, "if my figure paſſes unnoticed, how ſhall I be able to diſguiſe my voice?"

"You need only ſpeak low, and with ſolemnity," replied the Confeſſor. "The queſtions are ſo much a matter of courſe, that

that the anſwer is ſeldom attended to. In your return, no inſtructions are neceſſary; you will paſs unregarded and unqueſtioned."

Joſephine treaſured theſe words. Accompanied by her friends, ſhe ſet out with a beating heart indeed, but with more courage than ſhe had hoped to poſſeſs. At the foot of the rock, her conductors took a reluctant leave of her, promiſing there to await her return.

As ſhe was turning from them, Leſtein wrung her hand almoſt in an agony.

"If any evil ſhould befall you, deareſt lady," ſaid he, "and through my means, I ſhall be a wretch indeed!"

"Think not ſo, my beſt friend," ſhe replied; "think only, that to the lateſt hour of my life, I ſhall bleſs you!"—and taking a hand of each, ſhe preſſed them

with

with fervency between her's.—" Yes," ſaid ſhe, " to the laſt moments of my exiſtence I ſhall bleſs you both !"

The Prieſt with an heartfelt energy prayed for her ſucceſs ; but Leſtein's emotions choked his utterance. He could not ſpeak ; but he looked after her till the frowning walls hid her from his ſight.

CHAP. XI.

> May that good angel who inſpir'd thy thought,
> Throw round thy ſteps a veil of cloudy air,
> That thou mayſt walk inviſible and ſafe!
>
> THOMSON.

JOSEPHINE found all things as the good Confeſſor had ſaid. Challenged by the ſentinels at the outer gate, ſhe had given the watch-word, but with a tremulous emotion that rendered it low indeed; but, as the Prieſt had remarked, the ſentinels, after giving the accuſtomed ſummons, well knowing the Prieſt, had continued the conver-

ſation

ſation they were holding together, totally regardleſs of the anſwer.

The facility with which ſhe paſſed the firſt barrier, gave her courage in encountering the numbers ſhe was now compelled to paſs; but intent on their own purſuits, ſhe went by them almoſt unobſerved. But happy indeed was ſhe when ſhe found herſelf within the ſecond range. Adhering to the inſtructions of the Prieſt, ſhe at length found herſelf entering that paſſage, the horrors of which ſhe had already been apprized of. It wore a terrific gloom; the deep echoes, that returned only the heavy tread of the ſentinels—the dim light that was admitted, but imperfectly diſcloſed the height of its duſky arcades. The Prieſt's words had not ſufficiently armed her with reſolution. She trembled violently; and leaning againſt the wall—

 "Ah!

"Ah! how weak is all this!" ſaid ſhe, after a moment's recollection. "Do I tremble to look on the abode of Alzendorf?" and hearing the ſteps of the ſentinel, advanced. With a deſperate effort, ſhe ſufficiently overcame her feelings, to approach him. As the Prieſt had ſaid, he demanded which of the cells ſhe wanted to viſit. Agreeable to her inſtructions, ſhe anſwered the third. The ſoldier, croſſing himſelf with reverence, bowed in token of obedience, but inſtantly left her.

Joſephine, alarmed at every thing, knew not what to expect from this proceeding; nor did her terror abate, when ſhe beheld him returning, accompanied by another, who, from the reſpectful behaviour of the ſentinel, ſhe concluded to be an officer.

"A fine evening, Father!" ſaid he, as he approached her.

Joſephine at that moment gave herſelf

up

up for loſt. She dared not venture to reply; but, ſummoning all her preſence of mind, ſhe ſunk her head on her boſom, as if in deep meditation, affecting not to have heard the addreſs. The officer had now applied the key to the lock, and in the next moment ſhe believed ſhe ſhould ſee Alzendorf.

"Father," ſaid the young man as he turned the lock, "your viſit muſt be ſhort— ten minutes is all I can poſſibly allow you, and that time will ſurely ſuffice: as, thanks to his confinement, the penitent's ſins cannot be very numerous!"

How this fooliſh jeſting went to the heart of Joſephine! But it was of ſervice to her; it turned the tide of her feelings, that ſo overpowered her, that another moment, and ſhe had ſunk at his feet. At length the door was uncloſed to her, and ſhe advanced a few ſteps within the cell; but the objects

 it

it contained, ſwam indiſtinctly before her. She leaned againſt the wall for ſupport. She heard the door cloſed after her—ſhe heard the retiring ſteps of her conductors.

"It is true then," thought ſhe, "I am in the cell of Alzendorf!"—and ſhe raiſed her eyes as if ſhe feared it was a viſion. The place, dark and gloomy, was rendered yet more obſcure by the fading light of evening.

In a farther part of the cell, on a wretched mattreſs, reclined a figure, whoſe eyes ſeemed intently fixed on the ſmall ſtream of light that was admitted through a chink in a wall of ſeveral feet thickneſs.

Joſephine made an effort to advance—a deep and hollow ſigh ſtruck on her heart. But yet he turned not, and his gaze ſtill ſeemed directed to the ſame object with a wild and melancholy fixedneſs. The emotions of

Joſephine

Jofephine now became exceffive; her bofom heaved with almoft infufferable violence. She had no power to move—fhe could not fpeak; hardly could fhe breathe, as a thoufand tumultuous feelings rufhed upon her heart. Again was fhe obliged to fupport herfelf againft the walls of the dungeon.

As her agony in fome degree fubfided, fhe reflected how little time was allowed her; and collecting all her firmnefs—

"Alzendorf!" fhe exclaimed, with a trembling voice, as fhe advanced towards him.

The electric found ftruck on his ear. He turned. She withdrew the cowl, and her light hair fell round her face. He believed he faw a beautiful vifion. He gazed wildly on her, and feemed about to fpring forward with frantic eagernefs; but his emotions

were too much for his weakened ſenſes, and he ſunk again on his mattreſs.

Joſephine, trembling for the conſequence of this ſudden ſurpriſe, flung herſelf by his ſide, calling upon him, in the moſt tender accents, to ſpeak to her. The weakneſs was but for a few moments; ſoon, ſoon he found it was bliſsful reality; his Joſephine, his beloved wife, was indeed claſped to his heart! He indeed heard her voice—he felt her tears fall upon his boſom.

"But how is it poſſible?" ſaid he. "How came you here, and in that diſguiſe? But no matter: you are free, at liberty, and have eſcaped from the Prince! The God of Heaven preſerve thoſe who have aſſiſted you!"

At that moment, Joſephine ſaw in what difficulties the promiſe Leſtein had extorted from

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI ... ORE

from her, muſt plunge her into. She heſitated—her voice faltered—a deep pang ſmote her heart, as if ſhe had had a preſentiment of the evil this fatal falſehood would occaſion her.

"Yes," ſaid ſhe, in hurried accents, "I am free!"

Then haſtily quitting the abhorred ſubject, ſhe continued—"It was the kindneſs of your Confeſſor that has given me the conſolation of ſeeing you."

"Oh my Joſephine, what bliſs is this! What have I ſuffered! What a life of inſupportable agony has been mine ſince I was torn from you! Not for myſelf I ſuffered—ſelf has long been annihilated; I cared not how they tortured my waſted body—how they chained me in dungeons—deprived me of the light of heaven; it was Joſephine in the power of Prince Albert!

 It

It was then I felt I was indeed a prifoner!—it was then I gazed with horror on the gloomy walls of this prifon!—it was then I gave myfelf up to all the agonies of defpair!"

Jofephine fobbed convulfively as he thus defcribed his feelings; fhe felt indeed reconciled to the falfehood fhe had uttered, for it would give him peace, fhe thought. But, fearing he might again queftion her, fhe haftily continued fpeaking, giving him a thoufand affurances of her love.

"Let us not, my Jofephine," he replied, "wafte thefe moments, fo precious, by ufelefs proteftations of a paffion I can never doubt. Tell me of your fituation. Under whofe roof are you?"

"I am at a cottage," replied fhe, faltering, "about a quarter of a mile from this fortrefs."

"Oh

"Oh my God! how ſhall I enough be thankful!" exclaimed Alzendorf, with fervour. "You are then near—we breathe the ſame air! And ſhall we call ourſelves unhappy? Beſides, my love, I have ſweet hopes to impart to you. I have, though he keeps himſelf concealed from my knowledge, a friend within theſe walls. A ſoldier, three days paſt, placed a billet in my hands. It was without ſignature, but it entreated me not to deſpair; that in a few days every thing ſhould be explained.

"Heaven has not abandoned us then!" exclaimed Joſephine. "But, alas! how ill you look!"—For at that moment ſhe caught a more diſtinct view of his face.—"They will kill you ere you can eſcape!"

"No, my life," he replied, "you are ſafe—I am now beyond their malice. You are reſtored to me. I ſhall ſoon be well,

and you have ſought refuge near me! Oh my Joſephine, how exquiſitely tender is love! and yet how courageous!—for has it not urged you to encounter a thouſand perils in thus ſeeking me, defended only by that eaſily perceived diſguiſe? Ah! I tremble at the thoughts of your return! Oh, what unnumbered claims have you on my affection!—for what muſt you not have already ſuffered! Tell me, my love, all that has befallen you."

Could Joſephine have believed it poſſible ſhe could rejoice at the approach of thoſe perſons that were to ſeparate her from Alzendorf! Yet it is true, that the firſt emotion ſhe felt on hearing ſteps advancing, was that of joy, as ſhe was ſaved a reply ſhe found it impoſſible to make. But this feeling was indeed tranſient, and ſhe threw herſelf into his arms in an agony of grief.

Alzendorf himſelf was but little more compoſed; yet he had better hopes to ſupport him, and recovered the violent guſt of paſſion he had given way to, ſooner.

"Be comforted, my Joſephine," ſaid he; "you have found an aſylum. Reſt quietly in that cottage, and I am not without hopes that in a few days I ſhall follow you. We will then together fly this tyrant land!"

He could add no more; for at that inſtant the door was uncloſed, and ſhe heard the voice of the officer calling her to depart.

The words that Alzendorf had juſt uttered, in which he found ſo much conſolation, were to her but an increaſe of miſery; and it was only the preſence of the officer prevented her throwing herſelf at his feet, and confeſſing ſhe had deceived him.

"Good night, Father!" ſaid Alzendorf. "You have indeed given me conſolation! and may God return it on your own head!"

Josephine hurried from him, fearful that her emotions would in a short time deprive her of that power. She turned from the officer, and had even proceeded some paces down the stone passage, before she recalled the impropriety of her behaviour. She knew nothing but that the barrier was closed, which had shut her from the sight of Alzendorf for a period she knew not the termination of. But called upon by her situation to exert her fortitude, she recalled the instructions of the Priest, and happily escaped any particular observation.

With a beating heart, Lestein, at the bottom of the rock, awaited her return. When he saw her approaching, he flew to meet her.

"Thank Heaven," he exclaimed, "you have escaped every peril! What have I not suffered during your absence! But repay me for it," said he, "by telling me that you

you have received from your viſit the peace you expected!"

Joſephine replied faintly—"Yes." But ſhe hardly knew herſelf from whence ſprung her preſent deſpair, nor why the viſit had not given her that ſatisfaction ſhe had expected from it. When retired to reſt at night, ſhe again aſked herſelf the ſame queſtion—did ſhe feel the happineſs ſhe had fondly anticipated?—and again her feelings told her ſhe did not. But the ſource of her diſquietude, was the deceit ſhe had reluctantly practiſed on her lover. In vain ſhe ſaid—

"Though I have deceived him, it is a deception that will add to his happineſs. What would it have availed, had I diſcloſed my real ſituation? It wou'd only have plunged me in an abyſs of miſery, and perhaps have hurried him to his grave."

This

This reaſoning was ſpecious, but there was ſomething in her heart repulſive to it. She paſſed a diſturbed and reſtleſs night and riſing with the firſt beam of mornin placed herſelf at the caſement, once mor to look on the dark walls that encloſed he ill-fated huſband.

" Oh that I was in truth an inmate o this cottage !" ſaid ſhe. " I would then without interruption, look on thoſe walls, till that hour ſhould come, that would reſtore him to me !"

She was employing herſelf in reflections ſuch as theſe, when ſhe was arouſed by the voice of Leſtein calling upon her to prepare herſelf to depart.

" Oh that Leſtein would have compaſſion on me !" thought ſhe. " Could I move his heart !"

She

She even advanced towards him, when ſhe remembered how much he had already done for her—how much danger he had already incurred for her ſake—that his fortune and his hopes depended, as he himſelf had told her, on his intereſt with the Prince. How then could ſhe require him to ruin himſelf for ever, or break a promiſe which, though given in a bad cauſe, as he himſelf acknowledged, he nevertheleſs ſeemed to hold ſacred?

"No, I cannot aſk it of him!" ſaid ſhe. ". muſt be content to be miſerable!"

Her looks this morning appeared ſtill more deſpondent than thoſe of the preceding evening. Leſtein beheld her with compaſſionate diſquietude. The good Confeſſor ſet before them a ſlight repaſt, but of which Joſephine could partake little, ſo full was

her heart. She painted to herſelf Alzendorf, filled with joyous expectation, entering the cottage, demanding her of the Father. How impatiently, likewiſe, would he expect the Confeſſor's next viſit, that he might learn tidings of her!—but ſhe had entreated him to evade his queſtions as much as poſſible.

When ſhe quitted the cottage, ſhe thanked him with heartfelt gratitude for the kind act he had performed towards her.

" If Count Alzendorf comes to you to ſeek me, pity him—comfort him, Father!" ſaid ſhe, almoſt choked with emotion.

The Prieſt was moved; and preſſing her hand—" Rely on me, my daughter," he ſaid; " I will viſit him this night; but nothing ſhall eſcape me!"

They ſet forward on their journey. The ſun was riſing bright as on the preceding morning;

morning; yet Joſephine could hardly fancy it was the ſame object that had yeſterday given her ſo much delight. When they had gained that ſpot from which ſhe had firſt diſcerned the towers of Z——, ſhe could not forbear once more directing towards it a melancholy gaze.

"Ah! how different are my ſenſations now," ſaid ſhe, "though I have ſucceeded beyond my moſt ſanguine hopes—though the ſweet idea of Alzendorf's ſpeedy releaſement from thoſe dreary walls ſhould fill my heart!—Yet he at leaſt is happy!"

This thought comforted her; yet her ſpirits were ſo low from this laſt ſhock, that ſhe felt not inclined to interrupt the ſilence Leſtein ſeemed to have impoſed on himſelf, which was only broken at intervals by an half-uttered ſigh.

They

They travelled thus till they came within ſight of the cottage where they had reſted the preceding day. Leſtein again entreated her to alight, and ſhe no longer felt any reluctance; gladly, on the contrary, catching at every thing that might procraſtinate a return, ſhe looked forward to with terror.

"I will quiet the curioſity of the woman," ſaid he, "by informing her that the relation to whom I was about to convey you, we found, on our arrival, removed to a diſtant part of the country."

This ſucceeded as he wiſhed, the good woman only lamenting with Joſephine, her long unprofitable journey. It was now that Leſtein leaned contemplatively againſt the little caſement, and Joſephine, who had regarded him unheeded, drawn from the contemplation ſhe had hitherto indulged, could

could not but remark with ſorrow the evident change in his appearance. Unable in any other way to account for an alteration ſo ſudden, ſhe feared he regretted having permitted her to leave the chateau.

"Tell me," ſaid ſhe, approaching him, and taking his hand, "why are you thus grave and abſtracted? You cannot ſurely regret the kindneſs you have ſhewn me?"

"Regret that I have been of ſervice to you! Oh, no!—the remembrance of it will form the happineſs of my life! It ſhall be my comfort when I have no other!"

"My good, my generous friend! if the heartfelt prayers of gratitude are heard, you will be rewarded by every bleſſing!"

"Joſephine——" he mournfully exclaimed. But he proceeded no further; and turning from her, he walked ſeveral times acroſs the

room with an hurried ſtep. Joſephine tremblingly began to perceive that the feelings of Leſtein were not at that moment ſuch as ſhe could wiſh them. Every inſtant ſhe feared he was about to conclude; but he ſpoke no more, and appeared relapſing into the mournful reverie from which ſhe had juſt arouſed him.

Joſephine, willing to divert his attention, aſked him how men, ſo diſſimilar in principle as he and the Prince appeared to be, could be united in ſuch cloſe friendſhip. "You, whoſe heart is ſo feeling!

"I fear," replied he, "you judge too favourably of me. I am not, in truth, deſerving of the praiſe you beſtow. In the moſt extravagant diſſipation—in purſuits the moſt unworthy, I diſſipated my paternal property. The choſen companion of the Prince, I

launched

launched with him into every expenſive folly, till I had little left; and now I have nothing but my pay as an officer, to ſupport me, nor any hopes of recovering my former rank in ſociety, but by riſing in the ſervice, through the intereſt of Prince Albert. Joſephine, you view him with prejudiced eyes! He is not ſo unworthy as you believe him! His heart is not ungenerous!"

"Oh, ſay not ſo!" interrupted Joſephine. "Has he not, in defiance of juſtice, of humanity, with an ungenerous and unmanly cruelty, ſhut up an unoffending fellow-being in a loathſome dungeon?—To have confined him, had ſurely been enough to have ſatiated a common vengeance; but he has thruſt him into a gloomy cell, like a traitor or a murderer!"

"Count Alzendorf," replied Leſtein,

"his

"has an enemy a thoufand times more rancorous, more inveterate than the Prince; who with remorfelefs malice would purfue him to the laft!"

"Ah! in that frightful picture do I not behold Countefs Wolina?" afked the trembling Jofephine. "You know, then, the enmity of that woman, and perhaps are not ignorant of its fource:—indeed fhe but ill conceals it; every one has divined that it had its origin in a paffion which, flighted and neglected, is converted to the moft bitter hatred. It is her revenge—it is Countefs Wolina who has been the occafion of fo fevere a confinement to Count Alzendorf! If you were then to reprefent it to the Prince," afked Jofephine, "would he not be induced to foften its rigour?"

"I know enough of the Prince's heart," replied

replied Leſtein, " to be convinced he would, though it might militate againſt his intereſt."

He then told her " that Count Alzendorf's impriſonment never was intended but as the means to perſuade him to ſign a paper, in which he ſhould reſign for ever all pretenſions to you. I once," continued Leſtein, " was almoſt ſurpriſed at his obſtinate refuſal."

This was ſaid in a tone which ſpoke his feelings but too plainly. Joſephine remained ſilent; at length he continued—

" Did I not entertain a good opinion of the Prince, nothing on earth ſhould induce me again to place you in his power. I will ſpeak to him—he is not deliberately wicked; humanity and juſtice are not long exiles from his heart, though his paſſions, violent

and haughty, may for a time gain the aſcendency."

In converſation ſuch as this, they continued for ſome time, Leſtein having no inclination to conclude a *tête-à-tête*, in which he might expreſs ſome part of his feelings, the exceſs of which filled his heart, without offence; and ſhe vainly ſought a little time, in order to retard her return. At length, the lateneſs of the hour convinced them that longer delay would be impoſſible; and once more they bade adieu to the hoſpitable cottagers. Joſephine could not forbear, as ſhe quitted the low ſhelter of its roof, giving a ſigh to Alzendorf, while ſhe regarded its ſimple beauties, and remarked its calm ſeclusion from the buſy world.

They had reſted ſo long, that it was night ere they reached the copſe where Leſtein's

ſervant

ſervant awaited their return. Leaving their horſes in his hands, Leſtein conducted her into the garden through a private door, the key of which he had poſſeſſed himſelf of. They found Olivia greatly alarmed, fearing ſome new misfortune had befallen her hapleſs friend, whoſe return ſhe had begun to deſpair of.

END OF VOL. II.

LANE, MINERVA PRESS, LEADENHALL STREET.

Just published,

THE

NINE DAYS' WONDER.

By Mrs. Meeke,

IN THREE VOLUMES, 12MO.

Price 12s. sewed.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.